

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 742—Vol. XXIX.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1869. [PRICE, 10 CENTS, WITH SUPPLEMENT. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

A MUSEUM OF ART.

The artistic and scientific needs of New York are becoming painfully apparent to our people. They cannot help feeling what an unfavorable contrast we offer in these respects, not only to European cities, but smaller and less opulent ones in our own country. The only "thing of beauty" we have got is the Central Park. We have not a creditable work in architecture. We have no Public Museum, not even a Gallery of Paintings. We have neither Botanic or Zoological Gardens. We have, it is true, the Astor Library, and a large

collection of books and interesting relics belonging to the Historical Society, crowded together in a building not a fourth large enough for their proper exhibition, and not a tenth large enough for the future wants of the Society.

In the way of what are called Learned Societies, we have the Historical Society, owing its existence probably, and its success certainly, to a single officer, Mr. George H. Moore; the Geographical Society, springing into a new existence under the lead of Judge Daly, and the Lyceum of Natural History, after a long sleep, waking up into something like useful-

ness under the auspices of the Professors of the School of Mines. The American Institute keeps on an even and useful course, but, as a whole, hardly comes under the classification of a Scientific Institution.

The Ethnological Society, founded by Albert Gallatin and Edward Robinson, after twelve years of suspended animation, has at last mustered up life enough to die decently. Then we have a comatose affair with the sounding title of "The New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art," which has done nothing, or evinced the ability to do anything. We doubt if it could muster a meeting

of members large enough to vote itself out of existence. There is a "Numismatic and Archaeological Society," we believe, but it has never made a sign; a Social Science organization of some kind, to which we sometimes see furtive references; a Microscopical Society, and perhaps some other societies or associations, which, if they had members, money or ability, might achieve something in their departments, but which exhausted their energies in giving themselves a name.

We must not omit to mention here a great "spread-eagle" affair that overcame the town



NEW YORK HARBOR.—OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES GUNBOAT MARIA WATCHING THE "SPANISH MOSQUITO FLEET."—SEE PAGE 223.

last winter—a gigantic expansion of the French Institute, designed to reach all branches of human knowledge, and include all science and art beneath its mighty wings. We distinctly remember the awful apparition, but have forgotten its name.

It is, of course, easy to complain of this condition of things, and easy, if not pleasant, to ridicule the blind, inefficient efforts to remedy it. Still, they are efforts; they indicate a want, and the feeling that inspires them, if properly directed by men intent upon something besides notoriety or the chance of obtaining a place, would result in more than one useful and creditable establishment.

Obviously, we cannot supply all our deficiencies and wants at once. Let us commence with the thing we most need and is most feasible. We do not say that this should be a grand Public Museum, but considering not only our vast population, but the vast numbers of strangers who visit us, and to whom such a museum would be a place equally attractive and profitable, we cannot help thinking that such a museum is our first great desideratum, to which all other projects should for the present give place. If we cannot make it a Museum of Art, Science and Literature, like the British Museum (which, perhaps, might be attempting too much, and be also not altogether desirable), we certainly can make it a Museum of Art—of painting, statuary, etc.—accessible at all times to the public, and especially on Sunday, when the time hangs so heavily on many hands.

An important step has been taken in this direction. At a meeting of influential citizens lately, held in the lecture-room of the Union League, a committee of fifty gentlemen was appointed to take the necessary steps for the "establishment in this city of a Museum of Art, on a scale worthy of the Metropolis of a great Nation." A glance at the list would seem to indicate that the city of New York, "the Metropolis of a great Nation," contains only about fifty people—for it is substantially the same list that appears on the subscription for a testimonial to General Grant, for the Avondale Relief Fund, for a complimentary benefit to Madame Squallenski, and all other purposes whatever of a public character. The versatility of these fifty men, more or less, must indeed be great, and their industry and energy beyond praise, if they bring the requisite qualifications to the accomplishment of so many and so varied objects. We do not, however, object to the committee, only we should have been glad to have seen a greater range in its composition. Neither wealth nor notoriety are the prime qualifications for a committee to organize an Art Museum.

Nevertheless, let the work be done promptly, and, if possible, well. We need not say that the object meets the heartiest approval, and will receive the warmest support, of this journal—the first to popularize Art in America.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

COMMITTEES of fairs, exhibitions, dedications, and everything of a similar nature, will confer a favor by notifying the publisher of this Paper at as early a date as possible, so that arrangements may be made for illustration.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

With the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is printed a Supplement of eight pages, replete with illustrations, from the pens and pencils of eminent writers and artists, of the important events of the time. The field for a first-class Illustrated Newspaper is, on this continent, rapidly widening; and as we are resolved "to keep up with the times," we are necessitated, without extra charge to the public, who appreciate our efforts even beyond our expectations, to present, in addition to the usual number of pages, others as interesting, and which, if not appended, would show in the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a want of that enterprise we have a right to claim as the essential element of its unexampled success among the pictorial publications of the world. Without making any definite promise as to the course we intend to follow in the future, we may, with some degree of confidence, say we shall never—if money, foresight, talent and enterprise can attain the ends at which we aim—fail to command success. The editions of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER are to-day second to none in Europe or America; but as there is no limit to untiring legitimate enterprise, we shall labor without

ceasing until, in every family on the North American Continent, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER becomes as familiar to their ears as "household words."

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

THE aspect of the Cuban Question is undergoing important transitions. Clouds are being dissipated in unexpected ways, and the crisis is seemingly rapidly approaching.

Foremost among the latest facts bearing on the subject is the detention of the thirty gunboats built in this country on Spanish account. These vessels were ready to start from New York for Cuba when seized by judicial order for violation of our Neutrality Law—affidavits being made by Peruvian officers that these vessels were intended indirectly to aid Spain in warfare against the Peruvian republic, peace not having been concluded between the two countries. It is stated that an indirect effect might be produced against Peru by the substitution of these gunboats for service on the Cuban coast, relieving the larger Spanish vessels now on duty there, and enabling them to operate against Peru. At any rate, on the broad ground of the hostilities between Spain and Peru, it is contended that this country should not allow Spain to equip war-vessels here while we are at peace with Peru. Other affidavits allege that, inasmuch as the vessels are avowedly for service against the Cuban people, with whom the United States Government is at peace, the seizure should be made under our Neutrality Law. Whatever may be the legal aspect of the latter point, there seems to be sufficient ground for seizure on the first allegation, as demanded in behalf of Peru. Under such a demand, our Government could not do otherwise than it has done in detaining the fleet to await the issue of judicial proceedings instituted on the subject. It is scarcely possible, under the usual formalities and delays of legal procedure, that these vessels, if ever liberated, will be liberated in time to do much service against the Cubans. So that our enforcement of the Neutrality Laws, about which the Spanish spies were eloquent when denouncing any aid from this country to the Cuban Patriot Government, is likely, in the present case, to benefit the Cuban cause most essentially. Some of the Spanish apologists at Washington and elsewhere are reported to have said that such a seizure would produce war between Spain and the United States. Should hostilities arise in this way, the fate of Cuba will be settled instantly—all questions of independence, annexation, slavery, will be merged under our laws, and our national honor pledged for retaining the island as a part of our territory, soon to be recognized as a State.

The importance of these movements reaches far beyond the mere question of allowing the departure of the gunboat fleet. The detention of the vessels, under legal process, will allow Congress time to act on the whole subject of Cuban affairs. And, in view of all the circumstances, it seems probable that the result may be such action in the National Legislature as will be the recognition of belligerent rights on the part of the Cuban people, which will, doubtless, soon be followed by such success of the patriots as will insure a still more important recognition—that of Cuban INDEPENDENCE! So God defend the Right! Wrong, atrocious Wrong, has too long held sway in the Ever-Faithful Isle.

The recent activity in our navy yards—supposed to have had reference solely to the acquisition of the Bay of Samana, if not the whole of Santo Domingo—is now fully explained. Our Government will have force enough in the Gulf of Mexico to maintain our position against any assailants on this question. So, all hail, Cuba!

Recent intelligence from Spain shows that no reliance can be placed on the abolition of slavery either in Porto Rico or Cuba. Though proclaiming Equal Rights a year ago, when framing their Revolutionary Government in Spain, the rulers of that country have taken no means for liberating the slaves in Porto Rico. Indeed, so far from doing so, they have lately forbidden even the discussion of the Slave Question in Porto Rico! In this connection, let it not be forgotten that every officer of the Cuban Government liberated his slaves when joining the patriot cause, and that the Constitution and every other official document concerning the rights of the people, as well as the composition of the Cuban revolutionary army, prove that slavery exists no more in Cuba. Except when supported by Spain.

The late accounts from Fernando Po may well add to the exasperation of the Cubans; they are sufficient to excite horror through the civilized world. The wholesale murders perpetrated, whenever Spain has power over the Cubans, are about equaled by the shocking manner in which the patriot prisoners are starved or sickened in that infernal colony. It will be remembered that one of the earliest of the wholesale acts of Spanish cruelty against the Cubans was the condemnation of about two hundred and fifty of the most prominent

Liberals to exile at Fernando Po, one of the most unhealthy places on the African coast, in the long voyage to which place a large number perished, while those who were landed on that island have suffered sickness and death to such an extent that comparatively few of the prisoners will escape alive, although, should hostilities occur between Spain and the United States, the prisoners would doubtless be speedily liberated, and the dungeons of Fernando Po blown to—where they ought to go.

The hope that revolution in Spain would improve the condition of matters in Cuba was quickly proved to be wholly illusory. Spain itself seems to have profited little or nothing thus far by the change. The conduct of the new Spanish rulers has been remarkable chiefly for errors and outrages that have driven the Spaniards themselves to arms on several occasions, the suppression of the tumults being followed by the wholesale butchery of Republicans and others who resorted to arms for asserting what they considered their rights. The loss of revenues from Cuba has maddened the Spanish Government in an extraordinary degree, from the fact that the cessation of Cuban revenue, hitherto so essential for the Spanish finances, is followed by requisitions for large expense in maintaining fleets and armies for conquering the Cuban people. The measures taken by the latter for destroying the sugar and tobacco plantations, heretofore so fruitful in revenue for the Spanish Government, would render Cuba unprofitable, even if that Government should succeed in "conquering a peace." Once free from Spanish control, however, Cuba would invite settlers and capital, that would soon cause the island to make rapid strides in regaining and surpassing its former prosperity. It may be added, in this connection, that while the Cuban patriots confine their devastation to property that was aiding their royalist adversaries, the latter have been massacring the people on suspicion of being Liberals, wherever they get control.

GOLD—RESUMPTION.

As we write, the price of gold has touched its lowest point in seven years, being at 121, against 160, to which it was forced by an infamous combination two months ago. The Government, besides supplying the market with the amounts necessary to meet duties and pay the interest on the public debt, has an immense reserve of gold on hand, the policy of retaining which in the Treasury is not clear, except lest, if put in any great part on the market, it would so run down the price of gold, and so rapidly, as to seriously cripple those who have large stocks of commodities on hand, purchased at inflated prices. There is little doubt that the Government could force a return to specie payments in a very short time, but it may well hesitate, in view of the possible, not to say probable business collapse it might bring about. Prices are steadily declining—a sure indication that resumption is feasible, and must soon come. Perhaps the auspicious day when a dollar shall be a dollar, and not a variable sum, may be safely reached, without any financial convulsion or revulsion. General Garfield, of the Committee on Finance in the House of Representatives, believes that the process adopted by Great Britain, on the recommendation of Peel, in 1819, may be adopted here with equal effect. That is to say, he would give, say on the 1st of January, a dollar in gold for one dollar and twenty-four cents in greenbacks; on the 1st of February, a dollar in gold for one dollar and twenty-three cents in greenbacks; thus appreciating the legal tender one per cent. a month, so that at the end of two years legal tenders and gold would stand at par. This change would be sufficiently slow to enable everybody to adapt his operations to the altered and altering condition of affairs, without involving him in appreciable loss.

No one wants gold for itself, and everybody would prefer a note, dollar for dollar, if he knew he could convert it into gold, in order to meet foreign balances, the only purpose for which it is financially useful. And just as soon as it is restored to its proper relationship, the demand for it will be relatively small. It is not a good thing to have a hundred millions or more hoarded in the Treasury, drawing no interest, and paying no interest-bearing debt. By keeping it there we are burning our candle at both ends.

Financially, it must be admitted on all hands, General Grant's Administration has been a brilliant success. It is believed that the public debt will be reduced little short of \$100,000,000 by the 4th of March, to the discomfiture of the false prophets.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

CONCEIVING that the preservation of our institutions imperatively demands some radical reform in the administration of the public service, we call attention to the bill introduced in the House of Representatives April 10, 1869, by the Hon. Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, and

popularly known as the "Civil Service Bill." Its provisions are as follows:

SECT. I. requires competitive examinations as preliminary to all appointments to office, except in the case of Postmasters and offices requiring Senatorial confirmation.

SECT. II. creates a board of four commissioners, to be nominated by the President and to hold their office for five years. Their duties are defined to be—

1st. To prescribe qualifications for admission into every branch of the civil service.

2d. To provide for the examination of applicants.

3d. To establish rules for conducting such examinations, and to designate time and place in each section of the United States for holding them.

4th. To conduct these examinations, or to appoint examiners for the purpose.

5th. To report their proceedings annually to Congress.

SECT. III. prescribes that appointments shall be made on probation in the order of merit as reported by the examiners, and regulates promotion in office; one-fourth of all promotions to be made for merit, irrespective of seniority.

SECT. IV. establishes a fee of five dollars for examination and ten dollars for a certificate of recommendation—all such fees to be paid into the United States Treasury.

SECT. V. empowers the board to prescribe rules for removal from office for misconduct or inefficiency, after due trial.

SECT. VI. permits the board to appoint assistant examiners.

SECT. VII. directs the heads of departments to suspend or dismiss their subordinates according to the finding of the board, after due trial.

SECT. VIII. empowers the President to dismiss from office, but such dismissal is not to take effect if the officer demand a trial and is not found guilty of the allegations.

SECT. IX. provides for the salaries of the commissioners and the expenses of the board.

SECT. X. empowers heads of departments to require their existing subordinates to undergo examination, and all not found qualified to be dismissed.

SECT. XI. requires appointees to serve in any part of the country to which they may be ordered by the head of their department.

SECT. XII. declares all citizens of the United States eligible to examination and appointment, and permits heads of departments to designate the branches for which females may be eligible after passing the necessary examinations.

SECT. XIII. empowers the President or Senate to require applicants for office not included in this act to undergo examination.

It will be seen that the effect of this measure would be to assimilate the civil service of the country to its military service, requiring evidence of competency before appointment, assuring continuance of office during good behavior, and stimulating efficiency with the prospect of promotion. Its result would speedily be to create an esprit-de-corps and a sentiment of honor, which experience has shown to be among the strongest securities for fidelity; while liability to dismissal for inefficiency, neglect of duty, or dishonesty, would insure the best exertions of every officer.

Congress is now on the eve of meeting, and its members will speedily be occupied with the thousand and one political or partisan questions of the day, which are ever likely to divert attention from general reforms, such as are involved in the bill of Mr. Jenckes. It is to be hoped, therefore, that all good citizens interested in the reform of our Civil Service will take the opportunity, personally or by letter, of impressing on the Representative in Congress from his district the importance of early and favorable action on this bill, or something equivalent in purpose.

MIRACLE Literature, if we may so call it, is about to busy itself on a charming incident. A recaptured runaway convict is about to be tried for evasion. His defense is, that having prayed to the Virgin, she sent an angel, by whom he was conducted out of the prison, and that the turnkeys are not to blame! It is supposed he will be acquitted, as conviction would be to deny miracles, the mediatory power of the Virgin, and the efficacy of prayer.

THE Imperial College of Peking, which was established to disseminate the knowledge of the West amongst the Celestials, appears to have ended in a failure. Prince Kung favored it, but other powerful Mandarins, and amongst them Wo-Jen, a leader of the anti-foreign party, have succeeded in extinguishing it. It is reported that Wo-Jen has been appointed to take a place in the Tsung-lyamen, or Foreign Board, which it is hoped will expand his conservative views.

THE "Sorosis" is getting on. At a recent meeting one of its leading members laid down the proposition that "the duties of a wife in her household should be considered as worthy of pecuniary compensation from her husband as any other work performed for him." All right, provided all that the husband does for his wife, in the way of work, shall be paid for by her, and that she shall pay half of the rent, and the coal, gas, and water bills, and all that, and find her own toggery. Certainly! By all means! Yes!

A NOVEL theory regarding criminals was advanced by Dr. G. Wilson at the recent meeting of the British Association. He maintained that habitual criminals are in reality moral imbeciles; or, in other words, that they do not possess that amount of discrimination between right and wrong which the law takes it for granted they do possess, and are therefore, as regards their criminality, irresponsible agents. As it has been admitted by physiologists generally that intellectuality, in which term is included the moral or affective life, is dependent, in the aggregate, on the size and conformation

of the brain, his investigations were conducted with a view to determine whether these habitual criminals are or are not deficient in cranial development. The measurements, 464 in number, were made of the heads of criminals generally, and of the non-criminal class of the common rank, such as prison-warders. In order to obviate the effect of any bias in the investigation, all the measurements were made before the criminal histories of the prisoners were inquired into; and after classification according to the criminality, it was found that habitual thieves gave well-marked evidence of deficient cranial development of the cerebral portion of the head, especially affecting the anterior lobes. Dr. Wilson maintains that "the habitual criminal, unless reformed, cannot be otherwise than a criminal, and therefore, for his own sake, and the sake of society, he ought to be kept apart from society, and his imprisonment be rather reformatory than punitive. Even the most degraded possess the potentiality or capacity of being reformed, but unless there is sufficient assurance that reformation has taken place, the habitual criminal ought not to be liberated. This test of reformation could be made efficient by instituting a probation period after a certain portion of the sentence has expired; and if it be found that the habitual criminal cannot pass through this probation stage, then he ought to be retained as a prisoner, because, from his inherent tendencies, he cannot help relapsing into crime."

WHEN THE FIRST MAN LIVED.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

It is not only geology that is the bugbear of the literalists of the Bible, but ethnology, following in the tracks made by the geologist, bids fair to rival the former in the anathemas of the Church.

Formerly, the first chapters of Genesis were all the science which the Church admitted. Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still—yet, modern ideas hold to the opinion that the sun never did move. Galileo and the Church disagreed on this point, and the latter has succumbed. But the Church still holds to the statements of Moses, that in seven (literal) days the world and all in and upon it were made. Now, science tells us that the world was ages in formation, and the admirable course of lectures before the American Institute during the last winter explained, in simpler language than it has been before announced, exactly how the world was made, and showed that, according to God's command, the waters did separate themselves from the land; but, also, it as plainly evinced that it was a work of ages; that the earthy part of this globe was a slow sedimentary deposit, as the accurate study of its materials show, placed in layers one upon another, with a certain regularity, and they could, by no possibility, have been so arranged and formed, except in a period of time which could not have been literally designated as a day.

The Church, for a period, denied this too, most strenuously; but, finding science stronger than faith, has given in on this point, and seeks a reconciliation of fact with the letter, by conceding that the word *day* is to mean a period of time, and not to be understood to be twenty-four hours of modern measurement.

"Let us have peace," said the Church, and quiet for a time reigned. But trouble soon came to the literalists. Certain caves have been discovered in various places, and human remains and implements, in the beds of the lakes of Switzerland, of a very old date. In one of these caves a dozen or more skeletons were found, and a parish priest hastened to give them Christian burial. A short time afterward, scientific men carefully examining this cave and its contents—rude implements of husbandry, weapons, etc.—discovered that these were buried under certain sedimentary layers of clay and sand, which scientifically proved that these human remains were older than the oldest mummies, older than the oldest records of man, older by ages than Adam himself. Here was trouble for the Church; but she did not meet it, except by practically denying that there were any human remains, for when they were sought for, these remains could not be found; they were lost—said to have been buried Christianly by the parish priest, after having been in sepulture long before any form of faith that we know of ever existed. Then the statement is made, and to be inferred, that the poor parish priest, in his great zeal, had given Christian burial to some animal bones, cats, dogs, deer, or what not?

But science does not stand on one fact alone. Some two years ago other caves were found in France, in which were discovered every evidence of human life, rude implements of flint, axes and knives, darts and arrow and spear heads—and, fortunately for science, the skeletons of three individuals, one a woman, killed by a cut on the head and through the skull. These still remain in the Museum of France, and a full description of them, and drawings of the various implements discovered, were presented to the New York Ethnological Society, at a meeting held at the residence of the Hon. E. G. Squier (George Folsom, late President). Mr. Roe, who translated the text from the French account, drew especial attention to some rude cuttings or engravings—on the bones of reindeer, etc.—of animals, and one of a mammoth, evidently drawn by some one who had seen the living beast.

Copies of these, made in plaster from the originals, have been sent to, and are now in the Smithsonian Institute. The facts are undeniable.

Now, what are the scientific deductions to be made from them?

Science tells us, as certainly as it says anything, that the world, which at first "was without form and void," gradually divided into two portions—land and water—by the successive deposition, in layers, of gravel and clay, etc. These layers took place in regular order, an order fully recognized and accepted as the truths hidden in the rocky history of the world.

Science, telling us the order of these layers, tells us also the condition of the world at these various epochs; of the Flora, or vegetable life—coarse, umbrageous, prolific character, such as new soil, great heat of temperature, a swampy, tropical humidity, necessitated. It gives us, too, the description of the gradual addition of Fauna, or varieties of animal life—natures and forms capable of finding the material for supporting existence in these forests, and lagoons, and swampy, profuse vegetation. From the bowels of the earth, hid away in marl beds, and enveloped in petrified sands, are ever and anon dragged to light the huge bones of gigantic lizards and obsolete birds and leviathans, whose immensity seems to correspond with the magnitude of the vegetable life, and whose coarseness and physical ugliness seem to be appropriate to the mammoth proportions of this antediluvian epoch.

The exact age which these progressive forms of animal life belong, is marked by the layer of earth or stone in which they are found.

Science tells us that the heat of the world was at an early date nearly uniform, and, consequently, that at the poles, now the coldest portion of the globe, where but a scanty vegetation is found, and but the coarse forms of animal life, there once stood immense forests teeming with birds and beasts. In the gradual cooling of the crust of the earth, some of these now Northern animals, as the reindeer and the white bear, were the common animals of Southern Europe, and this epoch is known as the Reindeer Period. About this time—its exact period yet being imperfectly recognized—lived the first men.

The remains which have come down to us prove the Bible statement "that there were giants in those days," for we find no adult skeletons less than six feet in height. They were slightly better than mere animals, apparently having little knowledge of clothing, and living in caves for the sake of their protection from the cold, on the flesh of animals principally, and probably raw, or cooked by exposure to the open fire, for few traces, if any, of ovens or pots have come down from this period.

In these caves their remains are found, buried—with their stone utensils, arrows, and reindeer and bear bones—in the sands or clay of a period which marks their era as one coeval with the Reindeer Period, a period already recognized as being long before—thousands of years before—the alleged date of the creation of Adam.

Here the literalists fall out again. Till now all was smooth and pleasant. They go side by side with the scientist until they come to this fixing of the date. The four thousand and four years of the earth's existence—or the exact interpretation of the literal rendering of the first chapter of Genesis—cannot be brought into dispute, any more than in Galileo's time the comparative motions of the sun and the earth.

But there need be no conflict of opinion. Truth is eternal. Once that a truth is stated, it cannot be put down; it will live. If the so-called scientific statements are not true, they will wither away and be forgotten. If, however, they are true, Moses's statements will be considered, as they doubtless were, to be general statements, expressing the advanced thought of the time in which he lived as to the formation of the world—speculations in the main correct, but susceptible of amendment and advancement in the progressive light which shines over the world.

The knowledge of the greatness and goodness of the God of the Universe comes to us from various sources and through numerous channels, as the knowledge of the world comes in various ways. We should do very wrong to dispute the facts of a news-letter from Europe because it corrects the errors of a previous hurried and imperfect telegram.

The better part of religion is independent of Church, or even of Bible. It exists in man's heart and mind. The millions of souls who have never had a correct knowledge of the true God, yet lived in happiness, and, we doubt not, died in bliss, and "entered into the inheritance" which belongs to all those who on earth have done the best that their knowledge enabled them to perform. No dyspeptic theology can persuade the world that an immortality of suffering is to be awarded to any of God's creatures for not doing what there was no possibility accorded to them to perform. Some may think the Christian burial performed by the ignorant parish priest over the skeletons of human beings, dead many thousand years before the alleged date of the creation of the world, affects their condition in the unseen world. After ten or twenty-five or a hundred thousand years' sepulture, no priest—who afterward cannot tell where the remains were placed—can pray their souls into or out of heaven!

If the Nineteenth Century means anything, it means bringing the light upon things hitherto concealed, enshrouded; settled opinions—settled by bigotry, and not science. To this end let us welcome every form of illumination. Take no settlements, except such as cannot be shaken by any reasoning. Let every opinion, like the champion's belt, belong to the strongest argument.

A WISCONSIN paper gives an account of the capture in Northern Montana of "an animal of a species wholly unknown to naturalists, which is claimed by some to be a relic of the mastodon." This marvelous creature is only two years old, but stands seven feet high.

NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

The new and beautiful edifice of the Young Men's Christian Association was formally dedicated on Thursday evening, December 2d.

The building occupies a lot eighty-six feet nine inches on Fourth avenue, by one hundred and seventy-five feet on East Twenty-third street. The main entrance and stairway are in the centre of the Twenty-third street front. At the head of the main stone stairs, to the right, is the great hall, with comfortable chairs for fifteen hundred persons, so arranged that each seat has a direct view of the platform. It is thoroughly ventilated by flues running under the floor, connected with large ventilating shafts heated by steam coils. On the right of the platform are three committee and dressing-rooms, and on the left, a grand organ. This organ, with a grand piano, have been presented to the association by the musical committee, from the proceeds of concerts given under their direction. On the left of the main stairs is the reception-room, to be used as a conversation-room, and for the office of the association. Opening from this is the reading-room, supplied with all the best newspapers and magazines of this country and Europe. On the same floor are three parlors, to be used for conversation, informal meetings and committee work, and to be made attractive as evening resorts; also a hat and wash-room. There is also a room over the entrance-hall for the secretary, who is the executive officer of the association. A short stairway from the reception-room leads down to the gymnasium—a large, well-ventilated room, carefully fitted up with the most perfect apparatus, where regular classes for instruction will be established. On the lower floor are comfortable bath-rooms, for the use of the large numbers of young men whose boarding-houses afford them no convenience of the kind. On the second floor is the library, extending through two stories, enclosed in fire-proof walls, and capable of containing 20,000 volumes.

The building is most carefully constructed, and divided into three sections by fire walls and iron doors, and heated throughout by improved steam apparatus placed under the sidewalk.

The cost of the land on which the building is situated was \$142,000, the value of which has greatly increased since it was purchased. The cost of the building was \$345,000. The donations and subscriptions to defray the expenses incurred in the enterprise amounted to \$285,000. The funded debt is \$150,000, which leaves \$52,000 yet to be collected.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A SINGLE leaf of the Victoria Regia, in the Botanical Garden at Ghent, floated two hundred and sixty-four pounds of bricks that were piled upon it.

WATER runs over Niagara Falls at the rate of 1,600,000,000 cubic feet every minute, giving a water-power of force enough to perform all the manual labor in New York State.

It is said that with other perfectly pure M. Léon Labbé has recently succeeded in establishing local anaesthesia when performing otherwise very painful operations on patients.

The popularity of the Fine Arts in Australia may be judged by knowledge of the fact that there was opened at Ballarat, on the 21st of July last, a Fine Arts Exhibition.

From the granite quarries of Monson, in Massachusetts, there was recently taken a slab 350 feet in length, 11 feet wide and 4 feet thick, measuring altogether 15,400 cubic feet, and weighing 1,283½ tons.

The washerwomen of Holland who "get up" their limes so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soap, one large handful to about ten gallons of water. They save in soap nearly one-half; borax does not injure the linen.

The "Flower of the Holy Ghost" is a South American production. The flower is a creamy white cup, nearly as large as half an egg, and extremely beautiful. What constitutes its extraordinary character, and its wonder as a natural floral growth, is the fact that in this flower is a little pure white dove, with pink bill and eyes, and its head turned as if looking over its back. Its wings, feet, bill, etc., are as perfect as those of the living dove, whose counterpart this wonderful mimic vegetable bird is.

A GERMAN paper, speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says: "A vulture can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The common crow can fly twenty-five miles, and swallows, according to Spallangian, ninety-two miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta twenty-four hours after the departure of Henry IV. from Fontainebleau. If true, this bird must have flown for fourteen hours at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time."

DR. HENRY EDWARD FRANCIS DE BRIEU, a Paris physician, who for many years has resided in England, has, it is said, discovered and patented a process for preparing from india-rubber an enamel paint, which is absolutely proof against the action of the atmosphere, as well as against the power of all liquids (including the most potent acids) to affect iron. The preparation is applied cold and in a liquid state, and in consistency and general appearance it resembles such common oil paints as are ordinarily used for iron-work. It may be applied with ease; but, of course, it is necessary that the process of application should be conducted with such care as will insure a complete covering of the surfaces to be protected. This covering may be so thin that its presence cannot be detected; while it leaves the protected surfaces in all their original sharply defined freshness. It hardens also at once, and immediately forms a smooth and lustrous enamel-like covering, air-proof, damp-proof, water-proof, and acid-proof. Thus protected, the iron is safe. Rust cannot accumulate on the surface of this enamel paint, nor corrode beneath it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AUJAC is singing in Brussels.

VERDI is to edit an Italian musical journal.

OFFENBACH's next opera will be "Aspasie."

MISS MUHLBACH will try her hand at drama.

THE Brignoli opera troupe go overland to San Francisco for a six weeks' season.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's theatre has appropriately produced "Griffith Gaunt."

NINE new theatres were opened in Berlin within the last six months.

JOE JEFFERSON's eldest son, Charles, has made his debut on the stage at Chicago.

THE largest theatre in the world, it is said, is that now building at Guadalajara, Mexico.

QUEEN VICTORIA is very fond of music, and employs some first-rate instrumental performers.

EDWIN FORREST has closed a short but successful engagement in Philadelphia.

At Patti's last appearance in Paris seats sold for sixty dollars a piece.

LAURA ALEXANDER, a young lady of North Carolina, is coming on to the theatrical stage as a star.

GEORGE SAND's new drama, at the Odeon, in Paris, is a great success.

GIULIA GRISI, the great operatic singer, died November 27th, at Berlin, in her fifty-seventh year.

An English actress who wants a situation, advertises herself as "Lizzie Ashley, the Serio Gem."

THE Parepa-Rosa troupe are operating operatically in St. Louis.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is tickling the stoical Hubbes with her "Little Bare Foot."

JOHN BROUGHAM, disguised as "a fine old Irish gentleman," is "Playing with Fire" in St. Louis.

THE Thompsonian blondes are endeavoring to improve the morals of the Chicagoans with "The Forty Thieves."

PARIPA-ROSA's opera troupe received over \$36,000 from their three weeks' performances at Chicago.

STRAKOSCH refused \$700 for his Carlotta Patti concert at Springfield, Mass., and only took \$400. He charged \$2 for tickets.

SIGNOR MARIANI, from Florence, and Vanezi, from St. Petersburg, are to conduct at Covent Garden this season in place of Arditi.

MADAME PARIPA-ROSA added to her troupe two ambitious Chicago girls, Jenny and Ada Morgan, on her recent visit to that city.

THE German Theatre at Chicago is to be torn down, and a new one costing \$80,000 will replace it.

MR. GEORGE VINING, late lessee of the Princess Theatre in London, has gone into voluntary bankruptcy, with liabilities of about \$5,000.

CHRISTY's minstrels are singing in Austria, to the great delight of the Germans, who never before had negro minstrels.

FORD, whose theatre furnished a place for the murder of President Lincoln, is theatrically engaged in North Carolina.

MR. HACKETT has been playing Falstaff, in "Henry the Fourth," at Booth's Theatre, to crowded houses, and with his usual vigor.

CHARLES GAYLER's new sensational comedy, "Cousin German Fritz," has been produced with great success at Buffalo.

MR. PALMER, of Niblo's, has succeeded in engaging Fechter for that theatre. He will appear on the 4th of January next, in "Hamlet."

GRAU, with a German opera troupe in which are included Frederici, Rotter and Johannsen, is about making the tour of Virginia.

MR. DUTTON COOKE, the theatrical critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette," has in press a volume entitled "Art in England," which will constitute a continuous history of English art.

MR. ALLERTON, a wealthy amateur actor of London, annually hires some theatre in that city, and plays Shakespearean characters for his own amusement.

"LE GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLOSTEIN," in German, is in active preparation at the German Stadt Theatre, Bowery. Miss Fina Mochert, said to be the German Tostee, will fill the title role.

PARISIAN papers state that Ernesto-Rossi, the great Italian tragedian, has been engaged by an American manager to give a series of his Shakespearean impersonations in New York early in the fall of 1870.

AMONG the most regular frequenters of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is Mlle. Janaschek, who while herself studying for the American stage, does not neglect to improve the opportunities for seeing the best specimens of American acting.

THE royal band of the King of Belgium has been engaged for sixty days, and will give forty concerts at the Grand Opera-House, New York. The band numbers seventy-five performers, led by Victor Bender.

"THE Bohemian Girl" has been favorably received at the Grand Opera-House, as interpreted by the Richings-Bernard opera troupe, and the managers are about bringing out "The Huguenots," with new and appropriate scenery.

THE Milwaukee (Wis.) Musical Society, which introduced German opera in the West, some 15 years ago, has again immortalized itself this season by producing Auber's "Fra Diavolo," with full chorus and orchestra, and not a note stricken out.

AN agreeable company of amateurs, on the 1st inst., gave a performance of Brougham's comedy, "Fies in the Web," at the theatre of the Union League Club. The affair was specially intended as the debut of Miss Ida Jerome, whose acting was highly appreciated.

THE Slaviansky Russian troupe of vocalists gave a very interesting concert in Steinway Hall, New York, on the 29th ult. The members appeared in Russian habit, which, with their vernacular, made them objects of curiosity. Their singing was carefully executed and frequently encored.

SELDON has Rossini's masterpiece, "William Tell," been more accurately interpreted than by Max Maretzek's artists. During the past week they have given five performances of the opera to crowded houses. The great difficulty in bringing the piece out—the want of a tenor of sufficient strength and flexibility of voice—was happily surmounted by the engagement of M. Lefranc, who has the utmost command over a voice of unusual sweetness.

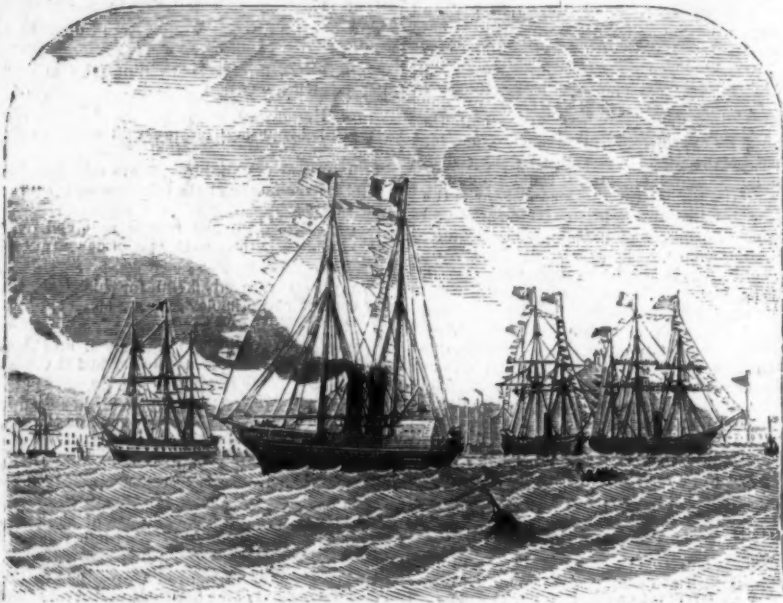
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 223.



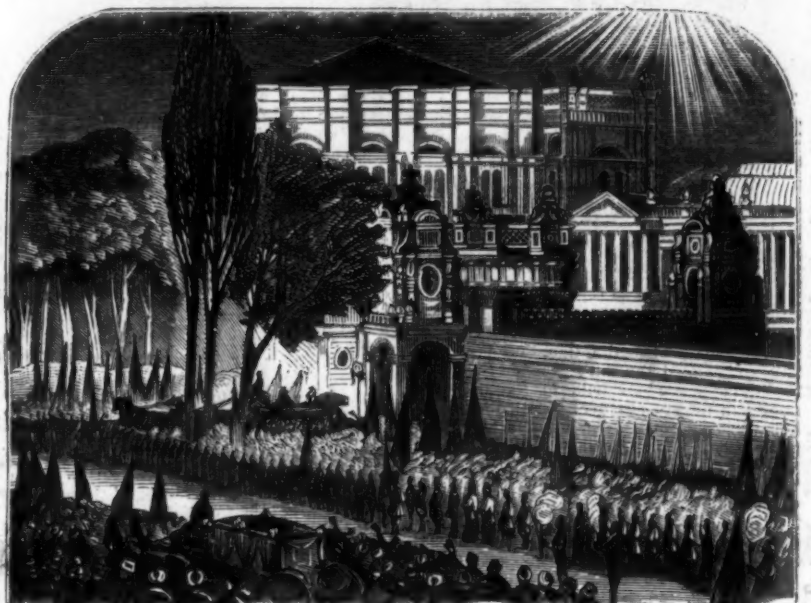
FRANCE.—M. ROCHEFORT DELIVERING AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE DEMOCRACY AT FOLIES-BELLEVILLE, PARIS.



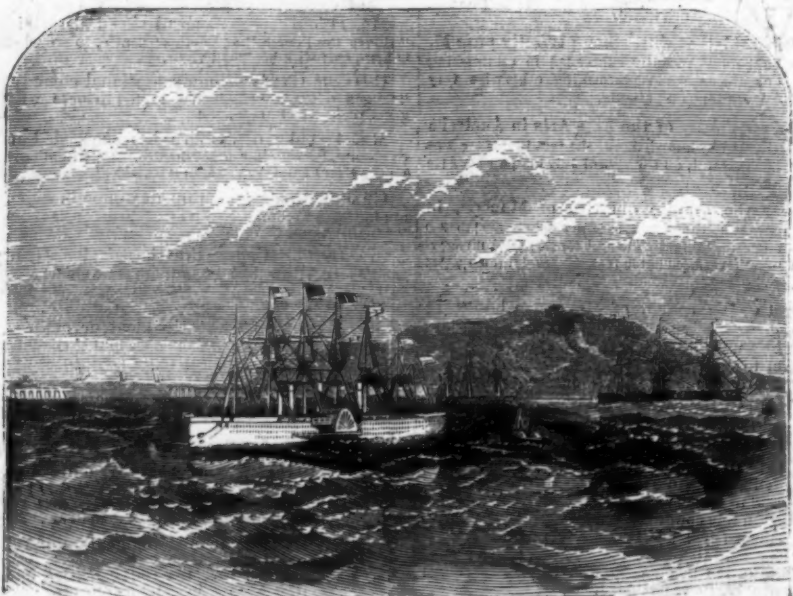
TURKEY.—THE EMPRESS EUGENIE RECEIVING THE MUNICIPAL BODY IN THE GRAND HALL OF THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY, CONSTANTINOPLE.



FRANCE.—THE DELTA LEAVING MARSEILLES WITH GUESTS TO THE SUEZ CANAL OPENING.



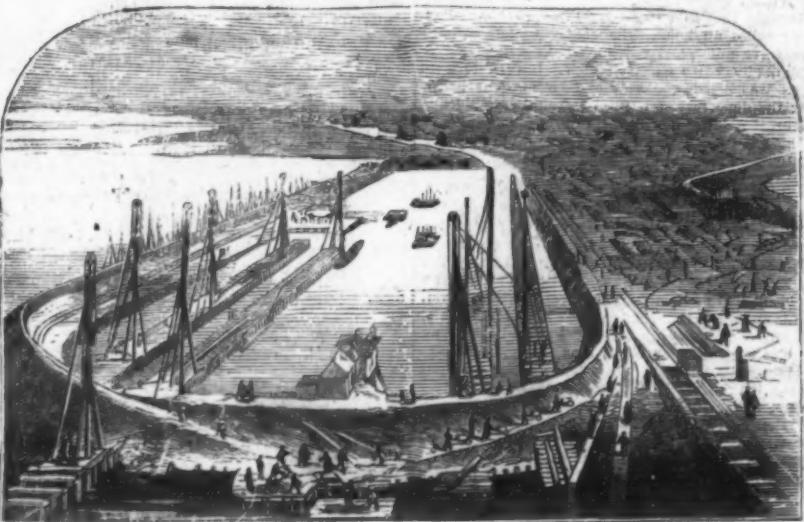
TURKEY.—RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE DOLMA BAGICHE, CONSTANTINOPLE.



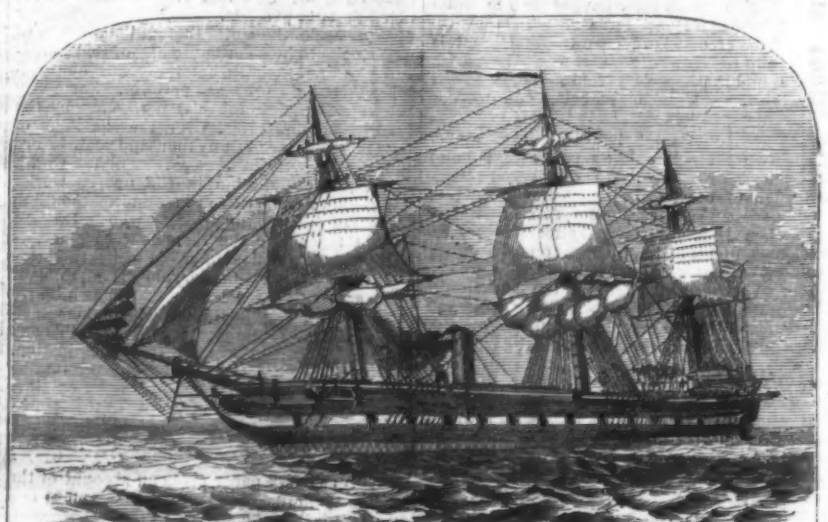
ENGLAND.—THE GREAT EASTERN LEAVING FOULARD HARBOR WITH THE BRITISH-INDIAN SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE.



EGYPT.—THE PALACE OF GHAZIREH, RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE DURING HER VISIT IN CAIRO.

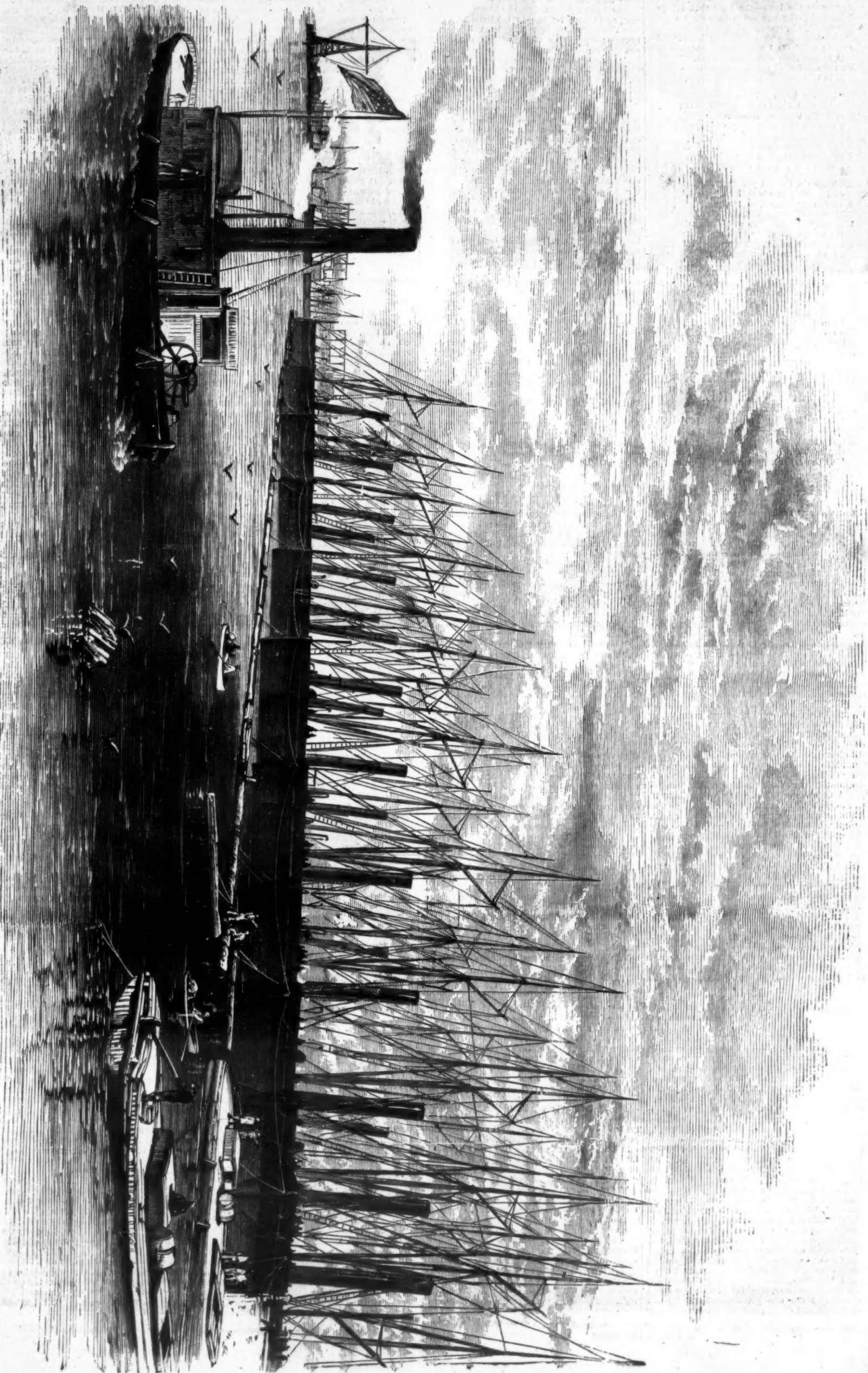


GERMANY.—THE NAVY YARD OF THE NORTH-GERMAN CONFEDERATION, JANSZ BAY, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE WESER.



GERMANY.—THE CORVETTE ELISABETH, OF THE NEW NORTH-GERMAN FLEET.

NEW YORK HARBOR.—THE SPANISH GUNBOAT (MUSQUITO) FLEET, NOW LYING AT THE FOOT OF THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH STREETS, NORTH RIVER.—See Page 224.



TWENTY YEARS.

SHE hears the land—the boat that brings
My wand'ring boy again to me!
The sturdy rowers lend her wings,
And now each sunburnt face I see.
Among them all I mark not him;
It is not that, with rising tears,
My watchful eyes are wet and dim—
It is the change of Twenty Years.

He left me when a little lad—
A lad? A babe! I see him now;
I hear his voice, so frank and glad;
I smooth the curls upon his brow.
My son returns across the main,
But brings not back the time that's fled;
I shall not hear the tons again;
I shall not pat the childish head.

Perchance a trace I yet may find
Of boyhood, in his look and tone,
A glance, an accent, to remind
Me still of happy visions flown.
His mother's look may greet me when
We hold each other hand-in-hand;
His mother's voice may murmur, then,
An echo from the spirit-land.

The boat comes on! A minute more,
She'll grate along the beach; and see!
Who rises now to spring on shore?
Who waves his cap aloft? 'Tis he!
No more I look in wistful doubt,
As in the man the child appears;
His earnest gaze, his joyous shout
Have bridged that lapse of Twenty Years.

CAPTAIN WELFLEET OF
THE PEARL.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN Captain Welfleet sailed his last voyage to the West Indies he was generally supposed to be rather a poor man than otherwise, not being known to own a rod of land, or anything else except the little schooner 'Pearl.' When he returned—no one could ever tell how it happened—just as they were in sight of land the schooner was discovered to be afire; she was run upon the beach, and there was only time to bring up the captain's trunks and the log-book, and to save a very small portion of the cargo, before fire and wave made an end of her.

As the cargo was well secured by insurance, however, the owners made little complaint, and all the less as the Pearl herself was not insured at all, and was a total loss to Captain Welfleet. As for Captain Welfleet, when he recovered from the fatigue and illness consequent upon his exertions, he declared that he had made his last voyage, that he would take what little sums he had saved away and speculate, but he had had exactly as much of the sea as he wanted.

Accordingly Captain Welfleet, with the assistance of his steward, who from thenceforth attached himself to his master's fortunes, loaded his trunks into a wagon, and trundled safely on with them till he reached his home, adjacent to one of the great cities, and then, owing, it was said, to the facilities which his acquaintance with various firms gave him, began what appeared to be a very successful business career. He was seen a good deal on 'Change, was a frequent bidder at the Brokers' Board, was believed to have had some large operations in stocks, but as he had no partner, there was little actually known about his transactions, except what could not be kept out of sight; he attracted but small share of attention, and his success was only gradually known as his yearly tax-bill increased, till, buying lands and houses year by year and bit by bit, purchasing and reclaiming waste fields in the suburbs, laying them out, draining, and building on them, it was one day seen that Captain Welfleet was among the heaviest tax-payers of the whole city, and when his last and largest tract was annexed, with all its houses, lands and hereditaments, it was seen that Captain Welfleet must be the controller of sufficient interest to change the face of a municipal election at any time when he should open his eyes to the fact himself, and it was at this point that Captain Welfleet found himself at the height of his ambition, quoted and referred to and sought after among the class of people upon association with whom he had fastened his aspirations, but who had been in the beginning as effectually barred away from him as if they lived in another atmosphere. When, at last, one evening Captain Welfleet saw seated around his dinner-table a circle of those wearing the proudest names, and claiming the best fame in the whole city, he felt that he had nothing more to ask. Certainly the guests that night had nothing more to ask; they had never banqueted better; they had never sipped such Madeira—Madeira that seemed to have garnered into itself all the sunshine scattered broadcast over all the ocean; they had never tasted their viands off rarer china, and the plate dazzled their eyes; it was, indeed, superb plate. Captain Welfleet's parents had been English, emigrating shortly before his birth—that was plain, for few people's ancestors in this country have ever left them any such heirlooms, the guests were one and all agreed, as this epurée whose base was of quartz-embedded beryl, resembling a little pool stirred by the wind, and from which a cluster of golden bulrushes rose, tipped each with one great garnet crystal for the heavy top, and supporting among them a shell of water-plants; as the trays, the ewers, the little coffee-service inlaid with gold and gems, and the one great golden dish-cover embossed and chased in a perfect arabesque of fantastic devices. The guests were in raptures. The possession of such evidences of family wealth and antiquity made Captain Welfleet one of themselves; they found in his burly

manners the charm of genuine English breeding; they wondered then that they had never before known what a delightful man their host was, and where he bought his Madeira. Captain Welfleet himself was in the seventh heaven; the glisten of his wife's toilet of velvet and diamonds was nothing to be spoken of beside the glisten of the happiness with which his face shone, like the full moon or the great golden dish-cover itself. It might have shone like the other side of the moon next day, for before the sun rose every article of all that plate had disappeared from his possession.

It had been a flushed and careless household that night of the dinner-party, tired out with exultation and pleasure and rich-fare dashed with perhaps a trifle too much generous grape; Captain Welfleet went to his pillow in such a haze of glory as to be rather oblivious of special and particular matters. Mrs. Welfleet was already wrapped in cheerful dreams, and the closing of the house and the disposal of the valuables were therefore left to the care of the old servant, who, having been Captain Welfleet's faithful body-servant for twenty years, had lately been promoted to the rank of butler, and with whom Captain Welfleet would have trusted his life itself.

The old servant had begun to wrap away the plate in its leathers, and deposit it in the safe which formed a portion of the main wall of the house, and was too highly ornamented an affair for its real purpose to be very frequently suspected. He had placed the pieces in the safe, one after another, pausing after each little journey back and forth to toss off the heel-taps of the various glasses nearest at hand upon the glittering table. This was certainly something which the butler would have scorned to do if such Madeira had been an affair of every day in that house, and if, moreover, Captain Welfleet had not been in reality his own butler, causing the old servant's office to be, in that respect, a mere sinecure, with no more chance allowed him for tasting wine than Dives had for tasting water—for Captain Welfleet was master of his own house, he used to say to himself, and if he was cunning now, he had been cunning also twenty years ago, and what the butler might suspect, he might suspect, but large wages could seal a freer mouth than his, and suspicion hangs no man.

The house was all closed for the night; the gas was everywhere turned off; that sound of silence, which seems to have a pulse like the sound of heavy breathing, told, if any one had listened, that each soul of the inmates was sound asleep; the light of the brass oil-lamp on the table, with which the butler always went the final rounds, dimly showed the open safe at last half full of plate, and the butler seated in his master's chair with the but lately emptied decanter grasped laxly in one hand, his head fallen forward on the table, and his senses folded and muffled in a profound slumber.

The half-hour had just softly struck from the great hall-clock, and as if there had been those waiting for the vibration to cease, soon after, and when it was apparent that the well-accustomed stroke had disturbed no one's dreams, the handle of the door turned as slowly and silently as if magic were at work, the door swung open, and a face could have been seen in the opening, had there been any one to see it,—a brutal, sharp-eyed face, withdrawn again quickly on catching sight of the lamp and the sleeping man, and presently, with a fresh spur of courage, looking in a second time; then a stalwart body belonging to the head entered its appearance, the man turned to make some hurried gesture to a companion, and then stepped swiftly and soundlessly over the tufted carpet, to the safe, while the companion, in his felt shoes, stepped full as swiftly and soundlessly close behind. There was not so much murmur in the room as a mouse would have made in a cheese while the two confederates deftly slipped into their bags the contents of the safe, and then the spoons and forks and salvers still left upon the table. It was an operation but little more than instantaneous; the men had hardly entered before they turned to go with certainly the richest booty ever bagged at a single job in that or in any other city. As they crept out, the younger of the two, a sallow-faced, slender-formed fellow, passing the side-board, paused a moment at the great dish-cover shining there somewhat feebly by reason of the dim oil-lamp, but yet, as one might say, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon; but his senior made the motion of a contemptuous flip in the air, signifying that the thing was nothing but base metal, and passed on without so much as turning the ray of his lantern in that direction. But something seemed to strike the other concerning it, his face was a curious study for that second of time, and then he turned again and crept cautiously back, and bending to inspect it more carefully, suddenly, as if it had been a powerful magnet, a memory, or an avarice, whose attraction he was unable to resist, he put out his hand and seized it, and stalked out with it as boldly as a man who had found his birth-right. Meanwhile the senior had softly extinguished the butler's oil-lamp, and then the two crackmen slid out as they had entered, to join their guardian-angel in the alley, and to bestow their property in safety after the approaching watchman should have passed on his patrol. And so the November night slipped away into the morning that lagged so long below the horizon, her wings heavy with autumn dews, and a few rays of her light at length, struggling through the chinks of the closed shutters, discovered the havoc that had been wrought in their absence, and teased open the butler's bloodshot eyes, till, first bewildered, and then amazed and wild with consternation, he commenced shouting at the top of his lungs, and so continued until he had alarmed the house, and cook and housemaid, footman and scullion, master and mistress, came hurrying and tumbling down about him. You may be very sure that, perturbed as he was and altogether dismayed in an amazement and terror dimmable for the while, he said nothing whatever about his heel-

taps or his slumber, or the unlocked safe and uncleaned table; the thieves were easy scapegoats so far as all that was concerned—it was they who had drunk the wine, and unlocked the safe, and rifled it and left it wide open, and it was he, the careful and faithful servant, who had lain down on the outside of his bed, too tired to disrobe, and, meaning only to rest a moment, had fallen asleep for the night, and, coming down just now to open the house as was his wont, had discovered the loss and raised the outcry. He knew he must have worse suspicion to labor under in his master's mind than any drinking of wine or desertion of duty—the suspicion of being in league with the thieves himself.

Of course Captain Welfleet was exceedingly displeased, if that is not too slender a word with which to measure the explosion of his oaths. It really seemed, too, as if he were displeased with the old butler himself, for nothing else than that his alarm, being so publicly given, had aroused every servant in the house, and would consequently cause the report of the robbery to fly about the town on the wings of the dove. The first order that he gave was—not to call the police, by any means—but not to let a syllable of the affair be breathed beyond the doors until he gave permission—which command, however, did not hinder the whole thing, with a halo of exaggeration, being in everybody's mouth before noon. Captain Welfleet seated himself to think, in the midst of the clamor, as to what steps he should take, and how far this might be the work of chance, or whether fate at last had found him out. Was it probable that the butler, who knew, or might conjecture, how unlikely he was to make a stir in the matter, had taken this way to enrich himself? No, the man was attached to him—by ties of affection possibly, of interest and fear certainly; he received such wages, that out of them he had laid by a little property of his own. No; Captain Welfleet acquitted the butler. Doubtless the job was done by professional house-breakers—the jewels were torn from their settings, the plate was melted down several hours since; but he could not conceal from himself that he stood in great danger if that plate fell into official hands that might for years have had a description of it in keeping, or who might come across the interpretation of any private marks thereon—somehow, in case it should not yet be transmuted into crude ore, he did not care to make a stir in the matter; the plate had been at the foundation of his fortune when he pawned it to ready takers twenty years ago for a sufficient sum to commence his financial operations with, it had served him a good turn, he would let it go, and meanwhile, appearing to be taking measures with himself, would rely on a masterly inactivity till the rumor of the whole affair should blow over, if any rumor were made.

But as for the butler, acute as he was, it did not cross his mind that the plate in other hands was capable of doing his master a mischief, and his plan of conduct was something of a totally different nature.

Captain Welfleet read his morning paper then, chuckled a little to think of the intelligence he had and the paper had not, ate his breakfast, though not with his best relish; and nobody in the house was more astonished than this gentleman was himself when, in a very brief period of time after rising from the table, and just as he was on the point of sallying forth for his morning's ramble on 'Change, Captain Welfleet received a call from the Chief of Police, who had heard of the affair, and himself hastened to the spot—since Captain Welfleet's influence could put him in or out of office any year, and did indeed dismiss him from position very shortly, though not till he had left a charge with his successor. After this attention, of course nothing remained to Captain Welfleet but to declare that he was on the point of making a visit to the official, and then to give him the details of the loss, introduce him to the scene of the night's exploit, and silently to swear a prayer that his plate had found the smelting-pot long ago. He felt himself quite encouraged by the officer's report, however; for, after examining the premises with great thoroughness, and with the aid of one of his most skillful men, the Chief expressed himself confounded; since, though the outside work bore some familiar traces in the manner of effecting entrance, yet the inside work was baffling, and appeared to be that of a hand quite new in his experience, and he thought that, except to throw out a few feelers, they had better lie low for the present, and await some future development of the same hand in succeeding jobs. The officer then asked Captain Welfleet what reward he would propose to offer, and Captain Welfleet answered him that he should offer absolutely none, for he considered that it was the duty of the Municipal and State Governments to protect their citizens, without any such attempts on the citizens' parts to save them the trouble; and as in recent robberies no one had been louder than he in condemning this system of rewards, he could not justify it to his own conscience, nor to his consistency of conviction, if at this late day he entered into any such compounding of felony. On this inflexible adhesion to principle, and his knowledge of the nature of men and policemen, he rested; and the functionary went down the street softly whistling a tune indicative of his belief that the stolen property had gone up in a balloon, and it was therefore quite useless to look for its return.

On this expression of his duty Captain Welfleet rested, as was said. Not so the faithful butler, however; secretly conscious that his master's suspicions must, for a moment, at least, have fallen on himself, and not of an intellect well-trained or far-reaching enough to see any ulterior ill consequences, he had but one idea of freeing himself from the burden of doubt; he had, perhaps, sins to answer for, but of that he was innocent, and meant to prove himself, come what would; and, therefore, he privately sought the officials

every day, to learn what progress they had made, who had been detailed to work upon the case, to see that they did work, to urge and spur them on—till Captain Welfleet, obtaining an inkling of what he was about, held with him a short but decided conversation, and the result was that the butler had one or two more interviews with the police, at reasonable intervals, and then ceased to trouble himself about it any more at all. The cessation of his interest gave the police the first idea in the case which they had been able to obtain, and the butler himself was immediately placed under a surveillance that brought his least action beneath a blaze of light. This surveillance, nevertheless, developed but very little of interest; the butler's few failings were laid bare to the official eye indeed, but they bore no immediate relation to the case at all, and the only things of consequence discovered were, first, that he possessed a snug competency of his own, that destroyed any need of his living in service unless he chose, rendering it a slightly questionable circumstance that he still remained in his old capacity, though affection and habit might be allowed to explain that sufficiently; second, that he had accumulated that competency from the wages paid him by Captain Welfleet; third, that the rate of wages was something beyond all bounds of custom; and last, that there appeared to be a singularly confidential relation existing between this master and this servant, which probably had a meaning in it, and which was a riddle that the detectives proposed shortly to solve. All these items would have been nothing of any import to the private eye, but to the official they showed themselves to be the outer circles of a concentric web, whose involutions it was their instinct and their work to penetrate. The search might never bring to light the missing property, but it might reach better game; and bearing no special good-will to the personage who offered no reward to them for doing the work they were paid to do, they proceeded to follow along the thread, and do Captain Welfleet their ill-turn.

It so happened, then, that this moving cautiously, step by step, in regions where the touch of one crime shook a hundred others, tracing as they could the antecedents of Captain Welfleet and quite forgetful of his robbery, they one day came bodily upon the great golden dish-cover.

Captain Welfleet was scarcely more surprised by this upshot of their endeavors than were the police themselves; they, however, were not the men to be taken aback, and making a great matter of privacy of their methods, they paraded the result they had attained with what seemed very pardonable pride. As for Captain Welfleet, he had an attack of palpitation to which he was not subject; and the person in whose hands the piece of property had been found had undergone his preliminary examination, had been committed for full trial, and had been allotted counsel, before Captain Welfleet had quite recovered himself; and when he was ready to declare that he had no wish to prosecute the case further, he was alarmed to find that his wish had now nothing to do with the matter, but that the powers of state were carrying it forward to its legitimate end. People said it was very handsome and magnanimous in Captain Welfleet; but the police were pleased to obtain such corroboration of their suspicions of spongy soil beneath the surface of exploration, and quite as well pleased to know, as they did, that he had not, after that alarm, lost any time in securing confidential counsel to look after his own personal and particular interests in the case—whatever those interests might be.

There was much conversation made over the minutiae of this affair from day to day, and a good deal of attention given to them as the case approached its trial—rather in private than in public circles, to be sure, for gentility felt that it had been itself assailed in its stronghold, and accordingly, lending the moral support of their high-bred countenances to the prosecution, there were many people of station in the court-room on the opening day, and among them every guest of the great dinner-party, feeling themselves in some measure responsible for the loss of the plate on which they were entertained, owners of a certain share in the proceedings, and of an undivided interest in the recovery of the great golden dish-cover. There was also quite an unusual object of attraction, to almost every one, in the prisoner, and something calling the eye to him much more than is commonly the case in such circumstances,—for his countenance was not that so familiar in the dock, distorted from the beginning by bad parents and bad usage, but one distorted in quite another way—evil passions, hunger, and suffering had worked their will with it, but there was no disfigurement of blows or of disease there; on the contrary, in features, tint, expression, and habit of face, there was such evidence of high blood and fortunate birth, that it must go hard for it to find excuse for being in that place. That the prisoner was a foreigner, was also plain to the eye—not the beer-besotted German, nor the stupid and sly Italian, but rather something of the Spaniard, stately, even though a thief, and always proud, daring, and revengeful. He sat in the dock with his long and handsome white hands crossed before him, and never looking up except when Captain Welfleet entered the court-room; and then, after a moment's survey of that gentleman, and of the eminent respectability which was apparent in every thread of his broadcloth and every crease of his immaculate white tie, the prisoner's eyes flashed, his teeth showed, and he made as if he would rise with such an angry, snarling gesture as a wild beast might make when springing on his prey. It was over directly, and seemed natural enough for a moment, but afterward those who saw it might consider that criminals are not wont to exhibit any such intensity of hate toward a mere prosecutor, between whom and themselves the account is at least not far from square. Yet none of these spectators could see the picture

that were in the prisoner's memory, that the golden cover had suddenly called up, once before, out of all their dust and ashes—the glittering board, with dark eyes flashing round it, and kindling smiles; the one blue blossom, like a star in the midnight of his mother's hair; the vines that framed the view of tossing palms and sapphire sea; the murky night when he was carried to the seashore in another's arms, and wild cries over treacherous betrayal were smothered, while appealing hands waved in the torchlight to an unanswering vessel under sail; and there were sudden shouts and shots and gleam of sword-blades, a gash upon his mother's breast, and then confusion and forgetfulness—pictures that rose with all their antecedents and their consequences now as he looked and knew he saw the man that had wrought his ruin.

The counsel for the Government opened his case well, and stated it briefly, and called his witnesses, who remained unmoved by a searching cross-examination; Captain Wellfleet identified the stolen and recovered article, and testified to its being an heirloom of value and of long possession in his family; the officers made oath that they had found the piece of property in the keeping of the prisoner; the whereabouts of the prisoner on the night of the robbery were conclusively traced; and that side being made up, there was not in the mind of any one present the least doubt of the prisoner's guilt of all of which he stood accused.

When the counsel for the prisoner rose, he held only some slight memoranda in his hand. He opened his plan of defense at once, speaking so rapidly that the opposing counsel could not find opportunity to interrupt, and in so clear and vehement a tone, that every word he uttered was distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the court-room. He said that he had been a little embarrassed by the decision of the prisoner as to the manner in which he chose to have his innocence vindicated, for though the prisoner utterly declined to make any defense against that portion of the general allegation which accused him of breaking and entering, yet it was his present intention to prove, by ample testimony, that the property in question was his own, and he had but possessed himself (forcibly, he was willing to acknowledge) of what belonged to him by right; and in mitigation of his offense he would call witnesses to prove the following facts, namely: That in the month of November, as it happened, exactly twenty years before this so-called robbery, an insurrection had taken place in one of the West India islands against the iron oppression of the home government; that the insurrection was suppressed, and that by means of secret information several of the wealthiest planters on the island found that their names were implicated, and their only safety lay in flight; that these same planters entered into negotiation with the master of a schooner, lying then in the chief port, to weigh anchor and go out to sea, but to return to a certain sheltered bay, where, under cover of the night, he should receive them and certain of their possessions on board, and carry all safely to the United States; that he bound himself by solemn obligations to do this; that by means of trusty messengers they sent, on one night, portions of their gold and silver and jewels on board this schooner, intending to follow on the next themselves; that no sooner were the valuables in his hands, than, darkness favoring, he spread sail and stood out to sea, and they never saw him nor any of their property again, but, coming to the rendezvous at the appointed time, they found themselves deceived and ruined, and were fallen upon by a body of troops who had lain in ambush; that, of the few escaping, the prisoner, then a child of ten years old, was one, finding his way, more dead than alive, to another vessel in the harbor, by means of which he was brought to this country, where, not speaking a word of English, and without a penny in his pocket, and having neither friends nor fortune, he fell into the natural ways of want the world over, found shelter in low haunts and a livelihood in dishonest practices, and became a man, with no plea to offer against the charge of breaking and entering. The counsel then moreover stated that it was intended to prove, and could be proved beyond dispute, that the great golden dish-cover was a portion of the property of the prisoner's parents, whose heir he was, of course; that it was a portion of the property of the fugitives which was sent on that dark night, twenty years ago, on board the schooner lying at anchor in the sheltered bay of that West Indian island; that that schooner was the Pearl, and that its master was Captain Wellfleet. And these facts being produced and verified in his defense, the prisoner was quite willing to endure whatever punishment the law awarded to the offense of breaking and entering, content to have branded, beyond redemption, the man who had betrayed his parents to the grave, and himself to poverty, crime, a prison, and without doubt, on some day, a violent death.

The enunciation of the advocate, who, as day by day had brought to him new evidence of the truth of the prisoner's statement, had become inflamed with a sort of ardor in the case, had been so vehement and rapid, the plan of defense, if defense it were, had been so unexpected and startling, that the speaker had been heard thus far with scarcely a demur. But at this point, whether the prosecution were about to remonstrate or the judge to interpose, none knew, for there was a sound like that of a watchman's rattle in the court, a rattle sprung and checked again, and Captain Wellfleet, whose blood mounting to his head, had stupified him beyond the point of interference, now with his face as purple as his port, his wild and swollen face, was pulling at his neck-cloth and staring dreadfully at the prisoner, who again half rose as if he would leap upon him like prey—and then the captain stood up, tottered, and fell with a crash upon the floor, and was lifted and taken out.

Captain Wellfleet had some potent arts of magic that had transformed a Spanish Hidalgo

into a common thief, that out of a beggar had brought to pass a millionaire, that had given the open sesame of drawing-rooms, where only old and blue blood had been wont to meet with welcome, to a parvenu and a criminal—but these arts had found their controlling spell at last; turn which way he would, he could not save himself; and though the prisoner with his proved and acknowledged misdeeds on his head, behind his iron bars that day received his reward, it was not till Captain Wellfleet of the schooner Pearl had already gone to his.

THE SPANISH GUNBOAT FLEET.

THE daily journals have already published graphic accounts of the seizure, by the United States Marshal for this district, of thirty gunboats, which were being constructed at this port for the Spanish Government. The boats are now lying in the North River, at the foot of Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, secured by hawsers and chains attached to the docks. The United States gunboat Maria, with two smaller vessels, have been detailed to prevent any attempt to run the boats out into the harbor. The United States vessels are well armed, and have on board a strong force of marines from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The boats were seized on the ground that they were being fitted out to prey upon the commerce of Peru, with which country the United States are at peace.

There can hardly be a doubt that, although supposed to be for Peruvian waters—Spain being at war with Peru—a portion of these boats was intended to operate against the struggling patriots of Cuba.

The matter is now in the United States Courts, and, until a decision is rendered, the scene we have represented may be witnessed every evening.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

It was the desire of the late George Peabody, dying in London, that his remains should be conveyed to America, to be laid in the tomb which he had built at Danvers, Mass. It was natural that the public of London, who had received such substantial proofs of the late philanthropist's esteem and generosity, should desire an opportunity of paying their respects to the lifeless remains. Although Mr. Peabody had in life expressed a wish to have no pompous funeral, his executors, Sir Curtis Lampton, and Mr. C. Reed, M.P., permitted a funeral service to be performed over the coffin in Westminster Abbey. This ceremony, which took place on Friday, November 12th, was conducted as quietly as possible, the only pomp displayed being in the attendance of the mayor and sheriffs in their official robes, and the number of carriages, including those of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, that followed the hearse from Eaton Square. The Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs were present, as was also General Grey, as representative of her Majesty. The coffin was received by the cathedral clergy with the vicar's choral and choristers. These were reinforced by part of the choir of St. Paul's. They walked before the body, two-and-two, up the nave, and under the triforium into the choir. After impressive chants by the choristers, and the recitation of the Lesson, the procession was resumed, and the coffin lowered into the grave. At the conclusion of the service, the "Dead March" was played by the organist, while the mourners, one after another, stepped forward to take a parting look at the coffin.

THE METAIRIE RACE-COURSE, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE fall meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club of New Orleans, La., was this year attended by an unusually large number of spectators. The stables were filled with fine animals, and the interest in the various races was very general. Our illustration represents the main entrance to the course, which is in keeping with the other appointments of the grounds.

BULLOCK'S GREAT WAREHOUSE OF FANCY GOODS.

CATERING as we do to the tastes and wants of the public, we have deemed it a matter of interest to publish illustrations of the leading stores and manufactories in the country. We present this week, accordingly, the establishment of Chester Bullock, No. 501 Broadway, one of the most prominent and thoroughly-appointed retail houses in the city—a perfect world in miniature of business life. We know of no article of female wear or use that cannot be found on the shelves.

Mr. Bullock occupies five floors, 200 by 30 feet in dimensions, each of which is crowded with the finest lines of fancy goods, which are being sold at less than wholesale prices. The principal salesroom is on the first floor, where there is an endless variety of dress goods, silks, velvets, shawls, laces, linens, hosiery, and fancy fabrics of the choicest quality and most approved style. The Arab and Paisley shawls and Astrakhan cloaks are especially attractive. The basement is devoted to articles for drawing-room and boudoir, and is also a museum of children's toys. On the upper floors there are elaborate assortments of jewelry, imported and domestic; buttons of every variety, size and color; an extensive and carefully-selected stock of stationery, and a druggists' and perfumers' department. The domestic goods are of the highest workmanship, and the imported stock is the richest to be found in the city.

Over one hundred salesmen are employed, and the entire establishment appears to have been seized and zealously held by the ladies. The prices of all goods are plainly marked, and

are surprisingly low. The utmost activity and politeness are displayed in every department. In the complete assortment of dress goods, laces, and other articles exhibiting taste, it would be indeed strange if a person could find nothing suitable to the fancy. We know of no better place to spend an hour, even if no purchases are intended, and are confident that no person will leave dissatisfied.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. Rochefort Addressing a Political Meeting in Paris.

Although one of the most prominent and forcible of the French critics, M. Rochefort, as a public speaker, is below the average. Indeed, had it not been for the bitter feelings entertained by his circumscription against the Emperor's policy, it is doubtful whether, after his recent attempted address to the democracy at Folies Belleville, Paris, he would have received a majority vote. As a political writer, he has few equals, but there is a hesitation in his speech that may prove fatal to his interests.

The Delta Leaving France for the Suez Canal Opening.

Shortly before the opening of the Suez Canal, many distinguished guests arrived at Marseilles, France, to take passage for Port Said. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company's vessel, Delta, swung out the Napoleon basin at Marseilles, on Saturday, November 6, with a large and delighted company on board. As the Delta steamed from the quays, the band on the United States war-ship Franklin played "God Save the Queen," while the other vessels at the port did honor to the outgoing company in smart frigate-time style.

The British-Indian Submarine Telegraph.

If the Great Eastern has been a failure as a vehicle of travel between England and the United States, she has certainly performed noble service in behalf of telegraphic communication. Her last employment is by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, and her duty to connect the Indian Empire and Eastern colonies with Great Britain. She has been plowing her way toward Bombay, carrying the enormous weight of 10,500 tons of coal, 5,400 tons of cable, and over 6,000 tons of tanks and other apparatus. The 3,600 miles of cable will be laid by her and her consorts in the Red and Indian Seas, while another expedition will connect Malta with Gibraltar and Falmouth, thus bringing Bombay as close to London as New York now is.

The Navy Yard of the North-German Confederation.

Since the formation of the North-German Confederation, there has been great activity displayed at the Government works. Naval officers in particular have been constantly employed, and the result of their labors are shown in the new and commodious yard recently constructed near the mouth of the Weser, and in the war-vessels that are being finished as rapidly as possible. The Navy Yard is formed by running a dike across the entrance to the Bay of Jade. Thus the entire bay is allotted to the Navy Department, and no better location could possibly have been selected. The corvette Elizabeth is a representative of the new war-vessels. She is strongly built, covered with iron armor, and carries twenty-eight 24-pounder guns.

Voyage of the Empress Eugenie.

For many weeks before the arrival of the Empress Eugenie at Cairo, the Khedive had a large force of workmen putting the Palace Ghazireh in proper order for her residence during her sojourn. Every apartment was thoroughly renovated. The reception-room and boudoir were furnished in the most sumptuous and artistic manner, and the Empress's couch was luxuriously appointed. Strict commands had been given the corps of servants to show every attention to the imperial guest. While at Constantinople the Empress was domiciled at the Palace Beylerbey, in the grand hall of which she was received by the diplomatic corps. She was escorted by the Sultan, who presented her to the favored guests present.

Reception of the Emperor of Austria at Constantinople.

Among the many distinguished persons who received from the Khedive invitations to be present at the Suez Canal opening, was Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, who, on his arrival at Constantinople, was honored with a grand review of Turkish troops at the residence of the Dolma Bagiche. He appreciated the attentions paid him, and spoke highly of the appearance, discipline and evolutions of the soldiers. He participated in the ceremonies of the inauguration, and received due attentions from all parties.

POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—There are on the globe 1,288,000,000 of souls, of which 300,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 562,000,000 of the Mongol race; 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian race; 176,000,000 of the Malay race; 1,000,000 of the Indo-American race. There are 3,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions. The yearly mortality of the globe is 23,833,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 62 per minute. So each pulsation of the heart marks the decease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. Married men live longer than single ones. One-eighth of the whole population is military. There are 336,000,000 Christians, 5,000,000 Israelites, 60,000,000 Asiatic religionists, 190,000,000 Mohammedans, and 300,000,000 Pagans. In the Christian churches, 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic, 75,000,000 profess the Greek faith, 50,000,000 the Protestant.

A HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.—In a recent issue of Cassell's Magazine we find the subjoined: "Among our domestic superstitions there was once one touching the powers of the fat of a human being who had been gibbeted, when prepared after a certain form. It is to be hoped that this has completely died away in this country, and probably it has; but there is at least one country, or rather province, under the government of Russia, where the superstition still lingers, as the following occurrence will show. The place where it was enacted was in a forest near a village named Winkowia, in Volhynia. The victim was a child, whose body was found in a frightfully mangled condition. The Russian police succeeded in catching the murderer, and it was then ascertained that the reason of his killing the child was to make use of the fat of the body in manufacturing a candle, in the belief that the possessor of such a candle could become invisible at pleasure. The particular motive for which he desired invisibility was to enable him to carry out his operations of robbing people with greater facility.

NEWS BREVITIES.

The last rail of the Bangor and Piscataqua, railroad, Maine, as been laid.

A new hospital for the accommodation of the insane is about to be erected in Boston.

The bachelors of Sioux City, Iowa, had a Thanksgiving dinner which was mournful enough.

The blue dress coat and gilt button mania has already died a natural death.

White cravats are coming rapidly in vogue again among gentlemen for all full-dress occasions.

The Bostonians are making arrangements for the reception of the remains of Mr. Peabody.

Spectacles made of mica are the latest novelty.

SALT is becoming an object of manufacture in Kansas.

CAMDEN, N. J., including personal estate, is valued at about \$7,000,000.

A PRIVATE letter says that the Indians are daily expected to make an attack on Fort Sill, Texas.

In Virginia, a will "written wholly by the testator," requires no subscribing witnesses.

THE Arion Society has turned over to the German hospital fund \$1,027, the net proceeds of the late concert at Steinway Hall.

THE farmers bringing butter to St. Paul Minn., have cavities made inside the rolls, which they fill with water.

A PUMPKIN weighing 106 pounds is the latest Eastern wonder. Over two hundred pies were made from it.

A NEW HAVEN policeman has been presented with a rosewood "billy," by a man whom he had helped home while intoxicated.

THE Baptists of Illinois have four thousand teachers and fifty thousand scholars in their Sunday-schools.

ADVISERS from Pembina report that the Red River insurgents have organized a provisional government.

THE Pacific Union Express Company have discontinued operations, and their business has been transferred to Wells, Fargo & Co.

THE National Board of Trade organized in Richmond on the 1st inst., by the election of Frederick Fraley, of Philadelphia, as President.

A WOMAN is captain of a canal boat running into Cincinnati, and transacts business, says the "Enquirer," as well as a man. Why not?

It is asserted that absentee landlords hold in Ireland four millions of acres of land, from which they draw an annual rental of \$12,500,000.

THEY have a town in Colorado named Purgatory. The name is perhaps a hint to travelers that they may "go further and fare worse."

THE Board of Health are again discussing the propriety of removing Washington Market. They'll do it—some time.

PRINCE SUMENNA and suite, of Japan, are in this city. They left San Francisco by rail on the 1st of December.

AN amphibious missionary travels in the Cortlandt street ferry-boats, between Jersey City and New York, exhorting sinners to repent and be saved.

THE trustees of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund have bought a lot, 100x45 feet, at the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street, on which it is proposed to erect a hall.

THE Directors of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad have adopted a resolution forbidding any officer or employee from engaging in any business which contributes to that railroad.

IN the Alabama House, on the 1st inst., a colored man was elected Engrossing Clerk. The Democrats unanimously voted for him, and against a white man.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher officiated at the marriage of Mr. Richardson in compliance with the request of the Hon. Horace Greeley, made in writing.

It is reported that the Apaches recently attacked the town of Cocopers, in Sonora, killed all the men, and carried the women and children into captivity.

GEORGE W. COLE, who shot L. H. Hiscock in the Stanwix Hall at Albany, has been appointed to a position in the General Post-Office, at a salary of \$1,300.

THE new school law in Connecticut, requiring all children under fourteen years of age to attend school at least three months every year, is having a good effect.

THE teas brought by the steamer Japan to San Francisco, and intended to be shipped East over the Pacific Railroad, are detained in San Francisco because the cars have not the regular custom-house locks.

THE female operatives in the Cochees works at Dover, N. H., on a strike against a reduction of wages, have organized a Workingwomen's League. The works will be closed until the operatives accede to the reduction.

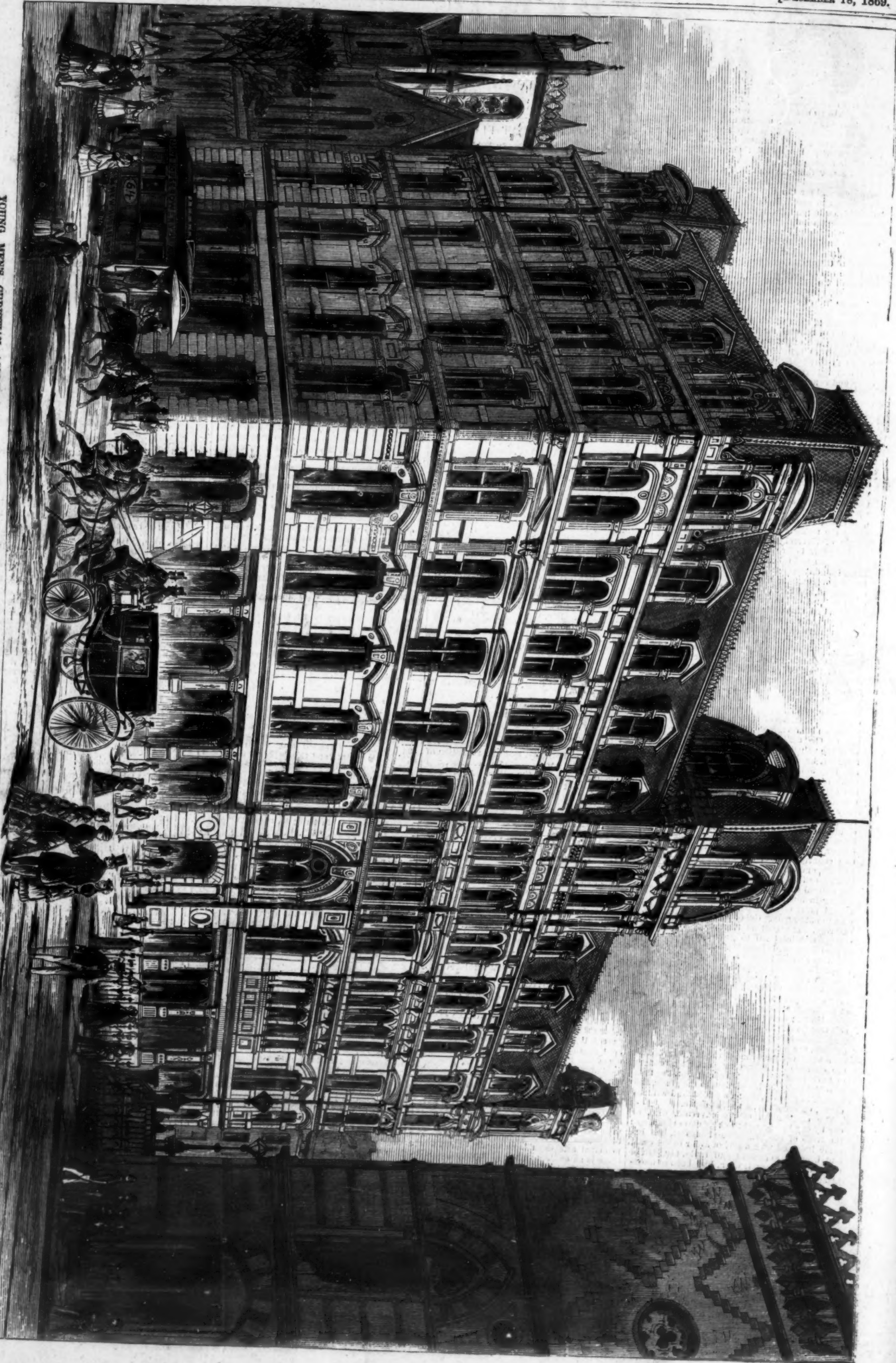
A MARRIAGE in high life recently occurred in Somers, the bridegroom being the famous one-armed Brigadier-General Stanford, son of Ex-Governor Stanford, of California. He is the heir to, if not the possessor of, unbounded wealth.

A WARRANT has been issued for the arrest of Conductor Parker, of the New Jersey Railroad, who ejected Patrick Lane from the car recently while the train was on a bridge, so that Lane fell through the bridge and was drowned.

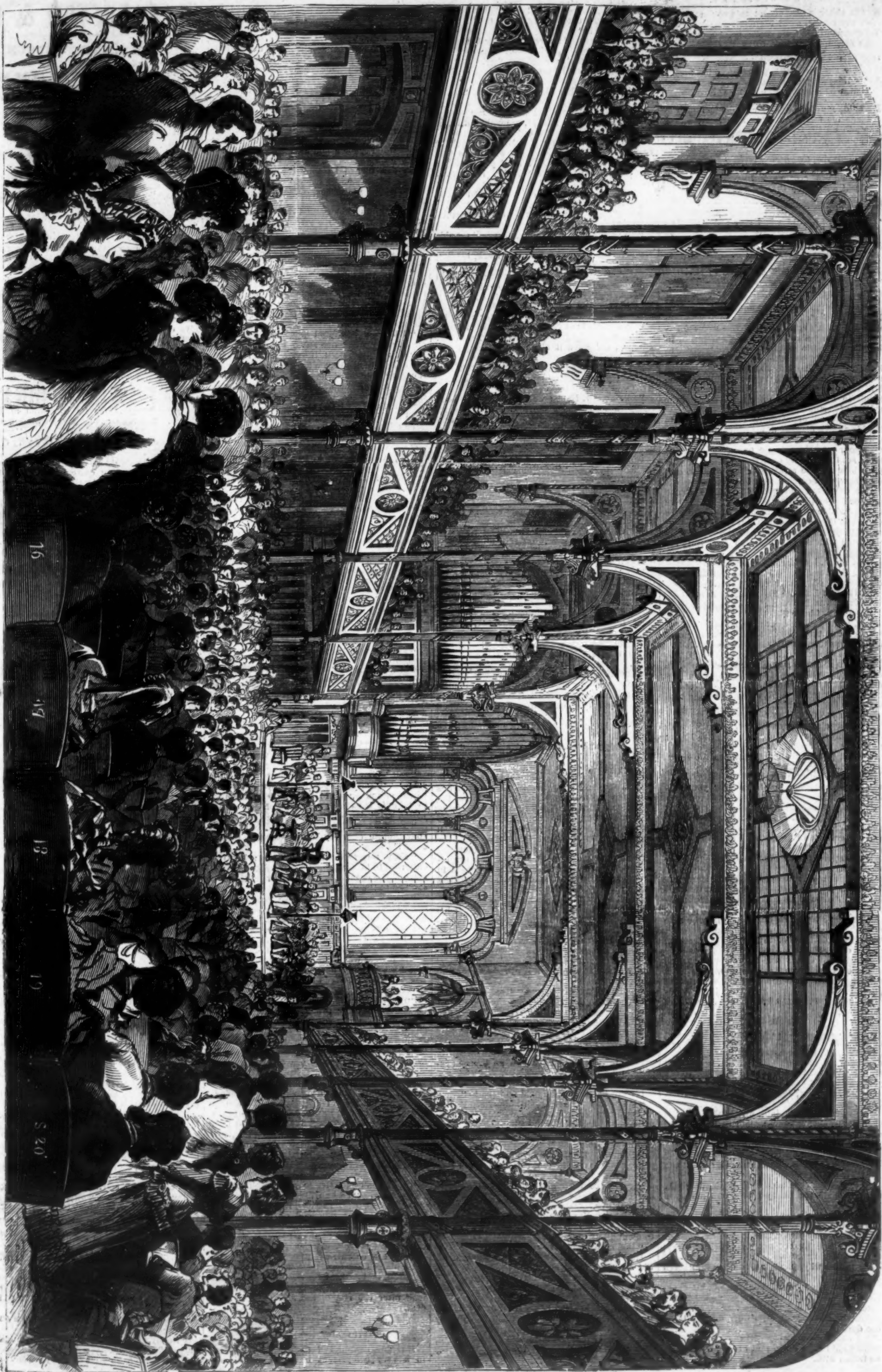
AS WAS anticipated, the Board of Naval Officers have failed to settle amicably the differences on question of rank between staff and line officers. It now goes to Congress for adjustment, with the chances of the line carrying their point.

ON Friday last a number of New Orleans milkmen were arrested and the contents of their cans submitted to a scientific test. The least adulteration by water was thirty per cent., and the greatest sixty, the average being about fifty per cent. No examination was made as to foreign substances, though several were found in the course of the analysis.

THE exploring party under Lieutenants Wheeler and Lockwood, sent out by General Ord to discover a route through the White Pine country to the Colorado River, have returned to San Francisco. They report having found a good route, abounding with timber and water, with indications of rich mineral deposits.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING, AS SEEN FROM FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—SEE PAGE 219.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. - INTERIOR VIEW - THE GRAND HALL AT THE TIME OF DEDICATION. - See Page 219

TO MY SISTER. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SWEET sister mine, accept this token
Of my heart's most earnest love;
Tender words in vain were spoken,
To attempt that love to prove.

May earth's every richest blessing
Strew thy path with sweetest smiles!
Every thorny care repressing,
That would grasp thee in its wiles.

I would, my dear one, Time should lightly
Place his finger on thine heart,
That, in all life's future changes,
Thou may'st bear but little part.

May many happy years be added
To those which o'er thy brow have passed—
May the fostering love of Heaven
Shield and guide thee to the last!

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

DESPITE of the freedom allowed Mark, Mrs. Burt kept a strict watch upon him when in company with her daughter. She was too far-sighted to cloy him with too much sweet, or to let the flood-tide of his passion pass without securing him by something stronger than mere lover's vows. She had no idea of waiting until rumors of the danger that menaced him reached Mr. Trapper, and which she well knew would result in his being at once removed from the sphere of her influence.

She lost no opportunity of instilling into Mark's mind a distrust of his guardian's motives and character, and to arouse the jealousy that very young men are so apt to entertain toward those set in authority over them; and thus prepare him for the struggle between them, that she knew must come sooner or later.

One day Mark did not find Amanda at the gate or on the portico watching for him, as was her invariable custom when she knew the time of his coming, as she did in this instance.

He pushed open the door of the kitchen, by the wide window-seat of which Mrs. Burt sat knitting.

"Sit down, Mr. Mark."

Mrs. Burt nodded and smiled, but Mark felt the change in her voice and manner.

"I thought I should find Amanda here."

"Mandy's in her room."

"Not sick, I hope?"

Mrs. Burt glanced up at the wistful face of the speaker, and then looked down upon the stocking she was toying off.

"No; she ain't sick."

Mark turned hot, and then cold, as there flashed across his mind the stolen kisses of the evening previous. But the ripe, pouting lips had not seemed to be at all chary of their favors. He had even fancied—but what a vain fellow he was to think that!

"Mandy ain't angry with me, is she?"

"No, my poor girl ain't angry, Mr. Mark; leastways with you. Although I say it that shouldn't, there ain't many that has the sweet temper she's got."

Mark was not proof against the flattery conveyed by the emphasis on the word "you;" his depressed spirits rose rapidly.

"She's just an angel, Mrs. Burt?"

"I don't say that, Mr. Mark; but she's all the child I've got, an' I've begun to think, in lettin' you come here as I have, that I hain't been the prudent mother I orter be."

Mark stared at Mrs. Burt without speaking, who continued:

"You are a rich young gentleman, an' 'Mandy is a poor girl—not but what she has beauty an' attractions that would fit her for any station—"

"That she has, Mrs. Burt! you may be sure of that. As for being rich, I hope you don't s'pose I think more of myself on that account, or less of her?"

Though it was his sole attraction to her, no one knew better than Mrs. Burt how little Mark valued himself on account of his wealth and position. Indeed, his simplicity and unworldliness in this respect often moved her secret contempt.

"Nobody couldn't be kinder than you've been, Mr. Mark. You've seemed jest like one of our own folks; an' I've always treated you as such. An' you've always treated 'Mandy like a gentleman, as she's often said. But, for all that, I feel that it's my duty as a mother to say you'd better not come here any more."

"Oh! Mrs. Burt, don't say that! Why? What harm can it do?"

"It's makin' people talk, Mr. Mark. There's them that's always been jealous of 'Mandy, an' are glad of a chance to injure her; an' they say you don't come here for any good."

Mark sprang to his feet.

"Who says that—who dares say it? Just tell me their names?"

The eyes that had been watching Mark warily from beneath the heavy brows, now fell upon her knitting.

"It's hard stoppin' people's tongues, Mr. Mark; but if you mean honorable, as I hope you do, it's easy provin' it."

Mark's face flushed and his heart beat fast; to have his name associated with Amanda's, even in this way, pleased more than it angered him.

"Of course I mean honorable," he stammered. "And if I could only think Amanda cared for me! But I'm such a rude, awkward fellow, and she—oh! Mrs. Burt, do you think she does?"

"I do think my poor girl cares for you, Mr. Mark; an' I don't mean that her affections shall be trifled with."

The senses of the excited youth fairly reeled beneath the joy that seized him.

"Oh! Mrs. Burt, if this be so, I'm the happiest fellow in the whole world! How much I love her, I could never, never tell you, if I tried! Oh, heavens!"

Mrs. Burt turned away her head, that he might not see the smile—half triumph, half scorn—that flitted across her face. But she might have spared herself the trouble; Mark was too much absorbed, by the tumultuous emotions that filled his heart, to give heed to aught else.

Mrs. Burt took a mental survey of the ground she had passed over; so far, so good; but it was now time to take another tack.

"I think you love my girl, Mr. Mark, an' I'm very sure she loves you; but what does that signify? Mr. Trapper will want you to take a rich wife—one of his own choosin'. He'll never consent to your marryin' 'Mandy."

Mark's impatience of control flamed out at this artful suggestion.

"Won't he? But I think he'll be very willin'—when I ask him!"

"To be sure you're a man grown, an' capable of decidin' for yourself."

"I should hope so," returned Mark, holding his head very high.

"An' there ain't nothin' in your uncle's will to hinder you marryin' any one you like?"

"Not that I know of. And if there was, 'twouldn't make a bit of difference. I don't want anybody to choose a wife for me; I'll please myself about that, anyway. So, if you're willin', an' 'Mandy's willin', I'll write to Mr. Trapper, an' have it all understood an' settled."

Mrs. Burt looked a little startled at this suggestion; she was by no means anxious to bring Mr. Trapper down upon them just yet.

"Oh, no, Mr. Mark; wait a bit. If you are really in earnest, let me manage it. I'm an old woman, an' know more about the world than you. I wouldn't have a stir made for the world—nor would 'Mandy. When a thing's once done—"

There came the sound of a step on the back portico. It was Katy, whom Mrs. Burt had sent into the garden for currants, as soon as she caught a glimpse of Mark coming across the fields.

"Hush! go into the square-room. I'll be there in a minnit."

Mark disappeared, and Mrs. Burt took the basket from Katy; looking into it as though she had not a thought beyond the ripe-red clusters of fruit it held.

"You can look them over, Katy, and then lay the table for supper."

Just then Amanda put her head into the door, with a look of interrogation, but a frown and shake of the head from her mother sent her back up-stairs again. Mrs. Burt was too crafty to let the game out of her own hands at this juncture.

She then followed Mark into the square-room.

When Mrs. Burt came out, there was a crimson spot on either cheek and a gleam of exultation in her eyes.

Mark put his head through the half-open door.

"Can't I see 'Mandy, just five minutes?" he implored.

The wily woman smiled as she looked into those eager eyes.

"Yes; but not one minnit longer, untl—"

Flushed and smiling, Amanda came down, to hear in stammering words from her lover's lips what she had already heard by listening at the stovepipe, which passed through the ceiling of the square-room to the chamber above; to give the bashful assent, whose reluctance was not all feigned, for in her heart Amanda despised the fond and foolish boy who so worshipped her.

Some women seem to admire, and are attracted by a certain degree of wickedness in men, especially if it be of the bold, reckless stamp; and Mark's very rectitude of intentions, the rapt adoration with which he regarded her—which in her heart she termed "spooneyism"—excited her inward ridicule and contempt.

Mrs. Burt was as good as her word; she broke in upon Mark's rhapsodies by the announcement of supper, nor did she give him an opportunity of saying another word to Amanda alone that evening.

She had played the same game before, and knew how she had lost and how she might have won; and was determined that no false move should keep her from winning now.

When Mark reached home, he threw himself on the sofa, quite unmindful of Mason, who, planting himself in the middle of the room, regarded his young master with an injured, reproachful aspect.

"Ahem! Mr. Mark?"

If Mark heard this, he paid no heed to it.

"Will you have dinner, sir?" inquired Mason, raising his voice. "It's been waitin'—if I may make so bold as to say so—some hours."

Mark roused himself from the delicious reverie in which he was buried.

"Dinner? I don't want any."

"Suppose you dined down-town, sir?" suggested Mason, carrying out the investigating programme concocted by himself and the house-keeper.

No answer.

"Perhaps dinner is got ready too early, Mr. Mark? If so, and you will have the goodness to mention at what hour—"

"Don't bother!"

Mason stared at Mark in mute bewilderment. Did his ears deceive him? When convinced that his ears did not deceive him, he beat a sudden retreat as his insulted dignity would allow.

What! was he, who had waited acceptably on the first families in Boston, to be told by a boy like him, "Don't bother!"

As he confidentially intimated to Mrs. Jordan, with a mysterious shake of the head, "Nothing could surprise him now."

CHAPTER XI.—"POOR MARK!"

THE sun was almost down, and Katy stood leaning over the gate, looking down the road that led to the village.

She was quite alone; Mrs. Burt and Amanda having rode out with Mark soon after dinner, and not yet returned. But it was not for them she was watching, or thinking.

Ben had been gone nearly three weeks, and whether it was for the want of somebody to tease, to quarrel, and then make up with, Katy had lost not a little of her old animation and cheerfulness.

She had heard the whistle of the evening train half an hour later.

"He won't come to-night," she said, with a sigh; "the coach would have been here by this time."

As she turned to shut the gate, that had swung open, somebody stole softly up behind, and flinging his arms around her, gave her a sounding kiss.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Katy, as soon as she could speak. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Ben Wheeler, so you had!"

But the sparkle in her eyes betrayed her to Ben, who had learned to watch her countenance rather than her tongue.

"I know it," he responded, with more self-complacency than penitence; "but you looked so tarntation hansom that I couldn't help it. You hadn't orter tempt a feller so. Them red cheeks o' your'n air mighty temptin', ef you did but know it."

"I have a good mind never to speak to you again, so long as I live an' breathe!"

"You couldn't do it, if you tried. It ain't in the female sect, that ain't. You wa'n't down at the gate watchin' for me, or nothin', I s'pose?"

Katy tossed her head in disdain at this insinuation.

"What an idee! I've got something better to do, I should hope. Mrs. Burt and 'Mandy have gone away ridin'; an' I thought they might be comin'."

"Oh, that was it?" said Ben, taken down a peg or two, as she intended he should be.

"Come, git a feller a bowl of bread an' milk, or suthin'. I'm e'enmost starved; hain't had nothin' but a cold bite sence mornin'."

Ben deposited himself and valise on the settle outside the door, while Katy bustled away; bringing, not only the bread and milk, but various other eatables, that she had stored away for his express benefit.

"This is what I call pleasant," said Ben, with a beaming smile and an air of perfect content, as he proceeded to put said eatables under his vest. "Now sit down, an' tell me the news. What's happened sence I've been away?"

"Nothin'. Oh! yes; Miss 'Mandy's got a beau!"

"Humph! 'tain't the fust, nor the last one, I reckon!"

"Yes, but she means to marry this one."

"An' a nice wife she'll make! Who is the fortunited individual?"

"You wouldn't never guess, if you tried a week—Mr. Mark!"

"You're jokin', Katy. Why, he's nothin' but a boy; and she's thirty, if she's a day—an' that ain't the wust on't!"

"I don't care fur that; you see ef I ain't right, that's all! He's here most all the time, lately. An' this mornin', when I was doin' up 'Mandy's hair, she asked me if I wouldn't like to live with her when she was married."

"Did you ever! S'pose you returned the compliment by invitin' her to live with you when you got married? Ef you did, you'd have to take it back agin; fur I won't have her within a gun-shot of my house."

"Your house, Mister Imperdence! as though your house and my house—there! they're come!"

Katy retreated into the house; but Ben only rose to his feet, that he might take a clearer view of the occupants of the carriage, that had stopped at the gate.

Mark jumped out, his face radiant. He helped Mrs. Burt out; then Amanda. The latter was all smiles and animation.

Mrs. Burt walked on ahead; but Mark and Amanda lingered by the gate a moment, and then moved slowly up the path, arm-in-arm.

The former was talking in an undertone, his eyes bent earnestly on his companion's face, and Ben started as he read the language so plainly written there.

"The boy's in for't," he muttered. "Boy? he ain't a boy now; and never will be agin! What on airth can his garden be a thinkin' on?"

Amanda brushed past him with an air of triumph, but Mark, who had taken a strong fancy to Ben, and was glad to see him back again, stopped to speak to him.

It was but for a moment, however.

"Mark!" called out a voice from the window. And with a flush of joy that had in it a tinge of shame as he met Ben's eye, Mark went in.

"Tain't even Mr. Mark, now," thought Ben; "the old fox an' her cub hain't been idle, con-sarn 'em!"

"There was never any mischief yit that a woman wa'n't at the bottom of," he said aloud, as Katy reappeared.

"Why don't men let 'em alone, then?" retorted Katy. "I'd be willin', fur one."

"No you wouldn't; you'd run arter us if we didn't run arter you, an' so save you the trouble. It's human natur. We can't let you alone; you can't let us alone; there's the whole thing in a nut-shell. Poor Mr. Mark!"

Here the eccentric but good-hearted fellow took himself off to his room. But though he declared that he was too tired to sit up a minute longer, there was a light in his chamber long after the rest of the house was in darkness.

CHAPTER XII.—BEN'S LETTER.

MR. TRAPPER leaned back in his office-chair in a very complacent frame of mind. The

great case of Bangem versus the Boston Lyre was at last disposed of, to the relief of both judge and jury, not to speak of the reporters who took notes of it, and the much-enduring public who read them.

"Appeals" had been made, "exceptions" taken, and "opinions" given; all the artillery of the law, and something that were not law, had been used to dislodge Mr. Trapper from his position, but Mr. Trapper was not to be dislodged, he was not to be wearied; he stood manfully to his guns until he had outbadgered and outwore all his opponents.

The decision of one court had been reversed by the decision of another; the opinion of one judge had been overruled by the opinion of another. Nay, the opinion of a judge on some point in the new trial was directly opposite the opinion of the same judge on the same point in the old trial, until everything had got so completely muddled that neither judge nor jury cared which way it was decided, so long as it was decided.

Now, as this was the exact point at which the astute Trapper was aiming to bring them, he immediately expressed his unalterable determination never to cease his efforts until his client had justice. This threat had the natural and desired effect—that is to say, Bangem was triumphant, and Mr. Trapper correspondingly ditto.

But this was of the past, and Mr. Trapper was not sorry that it was so. He enjoyed it while it lasted, very much as an old soldier enjoys a fight; but now that it was over, he was glad to lay down his arms and rest.

"There is nothing on hand but a few small cases that Skipplit can just as well attend to," he thought. "And now for my little Florence and the country."

Mr. Trapper smiled as there floated before his mind's eye the vision of "green fields and babbling brooks," for he was fond of such things. The reader must bear in mind that Mr. Trapper, the lawyer, and Mr. Trapper, the man, and especially the father, were two very different persons.

Then his thoughts reverted to his ward.

"He's been idling quite long enough," he thought, "or will be by the time I'm through my vacation. He must then go to school, or have a tutor at home."

Little did Mr. Trapper suspect the lesson Mark was learning, and who was his teacher.

Some letters were laid on his desk. One of them was postmarked "Stockwell," and he opened it first.

Let us look over his shoulder as he reads it:

"MR. TRAPPER—Knowin' you air the garden of Master Mark, I take the liberty to write, thinkin' you can't be aware of the company he's keepin', an' what it's likely to lead to if not perverted by them that has a right to interfere."

"You know Mrs. Burt, she that was Mis Ames, an' housekeeper to Tom Fielding. Her darter 'Mandy is about the same piece, as would natrally be expected. But she's hansom, there ain't no denyin' that, and has so bewitched Mr. Mark that he don't seem to know on which end he's standin'. He's over head and ears in love, as is easy seen, an' when youngsters like him take that air disorder it goes mighty hard with 'em, the short time they has it."

"Most likely you remember my father, Steve Wheeler, him that had the Fielding farm afore old Tom wanted it fur the man as was willin' to take his housekeeper off his hands, at a time when she was rather inconvenient. 'Praps dad might have staid ef he had as 'comerdatin' a disposition, which he hadn't, as I ain't sorry to say. He tuck it mighty hard, dad did, fur, bein' born on the place, it seemed like home to him. It sorter broke the old man down, an' he didn't live a great while arter."

"So, you see, I hain't no great reason to love the Burt—or the Fieldings nuther—that branch of 'em; but dad set a store by John—I was a bit of a shaver when he run away—an' thought his mother, Mr. Mark's gran'ther's fust wife, to be one of the salt of the airth. They was both very kind to the old folks, an' I can't see a son of his'n an' a grandson of her'n goin' to ruin without givin' you, as is his garden, a hint on't."

"Hopin' you'll excuse my liberty in writin', an' all mistakes, I am yours, respectfully,

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WHEELER."

"It took Mr. Trapper some minutes to decipher this scrawl. He was not demonstrative; his forte lay in action rather than words; so no ejaculation passed his lips indicative of the dismay and astonishment at his heart.

He hastily consulted his watch, and then the paper, to see what time the train started. On perceiving that there was no hope of his getting through that day, he gave the letter a second and more attentive perusal.

"Bob, ask Mr. Skipplit to step this way, then take these letters to the office."

Mr. Skipplit promptly obeyed the summons of his senior.

You can meet any number of Skipplits in our large cities. With no little of the animal in his composition, he was by no means deficient in the mental, though not of the highest range, carrying into his very pleasures the shrewd, cool, calculating spirit that was characteristic of the man.

He made himself useful to Mr. Trapper, by whom he was thoroughly understood, and rated at his true value.

"Is there any one in the outer office?"

"No, sir."

"Then have the goodness to close the door, and take a seat here."

Mr. Skipplit obeyed; and perceiving that there was something more than usual on the mind of his chief, assumed an attitude of respectful attention.

"You remember the raid of the police on the house in ——— street last summer?"

"Really, sir, so many of such things occur—"

"Let me refresh your memory. You remem-

ber the handsome, dark-eyed girl found there, whom you defended, and so successfully?"

"Really, Mr. Trapper—"

Mr. Trapper, who had a dry, caustic humor about him, evidently enjoyed the junior's singular embarrassment at these simple questions.

"There is no occasion for any unpleasant feelings, Mr. Skipplit. It was simply an outside case—nothing at all irregular. I never supposed, at the time, that the fee you received was of a nature to add anything to the profits of the firm. By running your eye over this letter, you will perceive my reasons for inquiring about an affair in which, otherwise, I should take no concern or interest."

Mr. Skipplit soon mastered the letter, giving the matter its treated of the quick comprehension that was natural to him.

"And this 'Mandy' mentioned by your correspondent is—"

"The same. You will remember my telling you her name, and that I knew her. Now, I want proofs of what this woman was and is—such proofs as will convince even the fool that a boy is in love. There is no time to lose; I know the Fieldings, and what they are when they once get the bit between their teeth. Mark is my ward, and such a misalliance would disgrace me."

Skipplit opened his eyes.

"He surely don't think of marrying her?" he said, with a grin.

"That is all he would be likely to do," said Mr. Trapper, dryly, who was averse to talking more with Skipplit about it than circumstances demanded. "But to the point. You have the proofs I want; are you willing to produce them?"

"Certainly, of course, sir. Not that I'd wish to interfere with any little arrangement that—this person—might make with—anybody; but marriage is quite another thing."

And Mr. Skipplit shook his head with the air of a man whose moral sensibilities were shocked. Nor was this altogether hypocritical; he viewed the whole matter in a business light, and considered what he inwardly termed Amanda's "little game" very much as he would an attempt to defraud—the obtaining of goods under false pretenses.

"I shall take the first train in the morning, which leaves at six. Can you be ready?"

"You may depend on me, sir."

Mr. Trapper at first decided that he should have to leave Florence behind, but her tearful protest, "You promised, papa!" disarmed him of this resolution. Then he thought of the fondness between the two, and which might be of use to him.

Florence put quite to the blush her father's fears that she would keep him waiting.

"All ready?" he said, as she tapped at his door in the morning.

"Ready and waiting," was the gleeful response. "What a lazy papa! I'm really afraid I shall have to go and leave you behind!"

Mr. Trapper smiled, as he remembered the words she had quoted from his injunction of the night before.

Having ascertained that Skipplit was on board the train, Mr. Trapper settled himself in his seat, listening absently to Florence's chattering tongue, his thoughts full of the unpleasant duty before him.

"I must either send him off, or them, packing. Which?"

"Does Mark know we are coming, papa?" said Florence, as they left the cars.

"No; that is, not to-day. He probably thinks we may be along any time."

"Then he won't be at the depot; how tiresome!"

Their coming was quite unexpected to everybody at "the house," but they were none the less welcome. Mason was overjoyed.

But the smiles forsook his face at the mention of Mark's name.

"Mr. Mark ain't in, sir," he said, grimly. "I would send to inquire, but he never is in."

"He'll be in to dinner, I suppose?"

"It's hard telling, sir; Mr. Mark don't often dine at home. Not but what it's always ready for him—remembering your orders, I take care of that."

"Where does he dine?"

"I don't know, sir. The last words the young gentleman addressed to me—a strong emphasis on the word me—"was, 'Don't bother!'"

The incongruity between these words and the dignified tone in which they were uttered forced a smile to Mr. Trapper's lips.

"Never mind that, Mason. When Mr. Mark has known you as long as I have, he'll rate you at your true value."

Mason's complacency was quite restored by these timely words.

"I dare say, sir," he said, in quite a different voice. "And I dare say, too, that now you're here, the young gentleman will be quite another person."

In regard to this Mr. Trapper was not so hopeful.

BOOK NOTICES.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS; OR, FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS. By P. T. BARNUM. Published by J. B. Burr & Co., Hartford.

It must frankly be stated that it has been a considerable time since we have sat down to read a work for the purpose of reviewing—a work made up mainly of personal recollections—which has given us more pleasure than this volume. We may honestly own that this pleasure has been given us in a way which we little expected. It is a pleasure arising to the full as much from its literary merit, the calm knowledge of the world and humor almost invariably displayed in it, as it does from the variety of local color exhibited in the wide-spread experience which it displays, gathered from an exceedingly checkered life.

When Mr. Barnum, some fourteen or fifteen years since, published his first—we presume it may be called "autobiographical"—work, although full of various experience, he had not yet taught his pen that discretion which is invaluable to the writer of personal recollections.

He ran riot in his recollections. He appeared to take a positive pride in the name which had been applied to him half as a compliment and half as a stigma—in a word, he seemed to positively take a delight in besmearing the image which he drew of himself with his own hands. The present volume is, while not one whit less racy amusing, written with a temperance and candor, in most respects, which show that these years have not passed without great benefit to his style, and his perception of the possibility of mingling instruction with entertainment. For we candidly avow, the life-struggle of such a man as Mr. Barnum, showing his honesty, his unflinching energy in difficulties which would have completely crushed any common man, his pardonable vanity in having compelled Fortune once more to smile upon him, after his comparative ruin, as well as his multiple ability, must possess for the young man who has his way to make in the world a valuable fund of information, as practical as it is entertaining in form. It is, however, to be regretted that in his account of the sale of the lease of the Museum he suffers his personal feeling to show itself, not so much in his account of the transaction as in a degree of bitterness which characterizes his allusions to a journalist who, whatever be his faults, is most certainly as much, or more, of a representative man than Mr. Barnum himself is. We merely allude to this as an almost solitary blemish upon the character of an autobiography which deserves undoubtedly to take a very high rank in contemporary literature.

It matters little whether the writer of personal recollections be a statesman, a soldier, or a showman. If such recollections are frankly penned, without exaggeration, they are almost invaluable. When they are penned by a man of undoubted individual talent, they are more positively beneficial to the general reader than any mere biography can possibly be.

When, however, these recollections are written with such an abundance of dry humor as Mr. Barnum displays at almost every page, save when he narrates his struggles in the ruin which, but for his energy, would have deprived this volume of its most instructive portion, it makes the benefit to be derived from its personal a positive entertainment.

As an example of Mr. Barnum's quieter humor, we may refer our readers to his history of the courtship of General Tom Thumb to Lavinia Warren, the diminutive lady whom the little general subsequently married. Indeed, we shall quote the close of it:

"The general went to New York on Wednesday, and was there to await Mr. Wells's arrival. On Wednesday morning the general and Lavinia walked into my office, and, after closing the door, the little general said:

"Mr. Barnum, I want somebody to tell the commodore that Lavinia and I are engaged, for I am afraid there will be a row 'when he hears of it.'"

"Do it yourself, general," I replied.

"Oh," said the general, almost shuddering, "I would not dare to do it; he might knock me down!"

"I will do it," said Lavinia; and it was at once arranged that I should call the commodore and Lavinia into my office, and either she or myself would tell him.

The general, of course, "vamosed."

"When the commodore joined us, and the door was closed, I said:

"Commodore, do you know what this little witch has been doing?"

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Well, she has been cutting up one of the greatest pranks you ever heard of," I replied. "She almost deserves to be shut up for daring to do it. Can't you guess what she has done?"

"He mused a moment, and then, looking at me, said, in a low voice, and with a serious-looking face:

"Engaged?"

"Yes," said I; "absolutely engaged to be married to General Tom Thumb. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Is that so, Lavinia?" asked the commodore, looking her earnestly in the face.

"That is so," said Lavinia; "and Mr. Wells has gone to obtain my mother's consent."

"The commodore turned pale, and choked a little, as if he was trying to swallow something. Then, turning on his heel, he said, in a broken voice:

"I hope you may be happy."

"As he passed out of the door, a tear rolled down his cheek."

"That is pretty hard," I said to Lavinia.

"I am very sorry," she replied, "but I could not help it. That diamond and emerald ring which you bade me present in my name has caused all this trouble."

"Half an hour after this incident, the commodore came to my office, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, do you think it would be right for Miss Warren to marry Charley Stratton if her mother should object?"

"I saw that the little fellow had still a slight hope to hang on, and I said:

"No, indeed, it would not be right."

"Well, she says she shall marry him any way; that she gives her mother the chance to consent, but if she objects, she will have her own way, and marry him," said the commodore.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I will not permit it. She is engaged to go to Europe for me, and I will not release her if her mother does not fully consent to her marrying Tom Thumb."

"The commodore's eyes glistened with pleasure as he replied:

"Between you and me, Mr. Barnum, I don't believe she will give her consent."

"But the next day disappointed his hopes. Mr. Wells returned, saying that Lavinia's mother at first objected, for she feared it was a contrivance to get them married for the promotion of some pecuniary advantage; but, upon reading the letter from the general, and also upon hearing from Mr. Wells that, in case of their marriage, I should cancel all claims I had upon Lavinia's services, she consented."

"After the commodore had heard the news, I said to him:

"Never mind, commodore; Minnie Warren is a better match for you; she is a charming little creature, and two years younger than you, while Lavinia is several years your senior."

"I thank you, sir," replied the commodore, pompously. "I would not marry the best woman living; I don't believe in women, any way."

"I then suggested that he should stand with little Minnie, as groom and bridemaid, at the approaching wedding."

"No, sir," replied the commodore, emphatically; "I won't do it!"

"That idea was, therefore, abandoned. A few weeks subsequently, when time had reconciled the commodore, he told me that Tom Thumb had asked him to stand as groom with Minnie, at the wedding, and he was going to do so."

"When I asked you, a few weeks ago, you refused," I said.

"It was not your business to ask me," replied the commodore, pompously. "When the proper person invited me I accepted."

"Of course the approaching wedding was announced. It created an immense excitement. Lavinia's leaves at the Museum were crowded to suffocation, and her photographic pictures were in great demand. For several weeks she sold more than three hundred dollars' worth of her *cartes de visite* each day. And the daily receipts at the Museum were frequently over three thousand dollars. I engaged the general to exhibit, and to assist her in the sale of pictures, to which his own photograph, of course, was added. I could afford to give them a fine wedding, and I did so."

"The little couple made a personal application to Bishop Potter to perform the nuptial ceremony, and obtained his consent; but the matter became public, and outside pressure from some of the most squeamish of his clergy was brought to bear upon the bishop, and he recanted his engagement."

"This fact of itself, as well as the opposition that caused it, only added to the notoriety of the approach-

ing wedding, and increased the crowds at the Museum. The financial result to me was a piece of good fortune, which I was, of course, quite willing to accept, though in this instance the 'advertisement,' so far as the fact of the betrothal of the parties with its preliminaries were concerned, was not of my seeking, as the recital now given shows. But seeing the turn it was taking in crowding the Museum, and pouring money into the treasury, I did not hesitate to seek continued advantage from the notoriety of the prospective marriage. Accordingly I offered the general and Lavinia fifteen thousand dollars if they would postpone the wedding for a month, and continue their exhibitions at the Museum."

"Not for fifty thousand dollars," said the general, excitedly.

"Good for you, Charley," said Lavinia; "only you ought to have said not for a hundred thousand, for I would not!"

"They both laughed heartily at what they considered my discomfiture, and such, looked at from a business point of view, it certainly was. The wedding day approached, and the public excitement grew. For several days—I might say weeks—the approaching marriage of Tom Thumb was the New York sensation."

It may very certainly be possible that Mr. Barnum had no intention of exhibiting humor in this description at all. But the subject itself possesses so strong an element of the humorous in the ill-judged jealousy of Commodore Nutt, and has been told with such dramatic ease and simplicity, that we cannot but suspect him of having intentionally warmed up the comedy. Indeed, the preceding portion of the account—the proposal and its result, as overheard by two eaves-dropping young ladies—is even more humorous, and would have been quoted with the rest had not the space at our disposal compelled us to curtail it.

On the other hand, here are some thirty or forty lines of a concisely clever description as we have ever met with, although the pun at the conclusion, it must be frankly confessed, is by no means a two brilliant one:

"Holland gave me more genuine satisfaction than any other foreign country I have ever visited, if I except Great Britain. Redeemed as a large portion of the whole surface of the land has been from the bottom of the sea by the wonderful dikes, which are monuments of the industry of whole generations of human beings, Holland seems to me the most curious as well as interesting country in the world. The people, too, with their quaint costumes, their extraordinary cleanliness, their thrift, industry and frugality, pleased me very much. It is the universal testimony of all travelers that the Hollanders are the neatest and most economical people among all nations. So far as cleanliness is concerned, in Holland it is evidently not next to, but far ahead of godliness. It is rare, indeed, to meet a ragged, dirty, or drunken person. The people are very temperate and economical in their habits, and even the very rich—and there is a vast amount of wealth in the country—live with great frugality, though all of the people live well."

"As for the scenery, I cannot say much for it, since it is only diversified by thousands of windmills, which are made to do all kinds of work, from grinding grain to pumping water from the inside of the dikes back to the sea again. As I exhibited the general only in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and to no great profit in either city, we spent most of our time in rambling about to see what was to be seen. In the country villages it seemed as if every house was scrubbed twice and whitewashed once every day in the week, excepting Sunday. Some places were almost painfully pure, and I was in one village where horses and cattle were not allowed to go through the streets, and no one was permitted to wear their boots or shoes in the houses. There is a general and constant exercise of brooms, pails, floor-brushes and mops all over Holland, and in some places even, this kind of thing is carried so far, I am told, that the only trees set out are scrub-oaks."

The soap and water cleanliness of Holland was never more neatly and thoroughly expressed in a few lines than it has been in these.

Here is a clear and sensible exposition of the secret of his success in life. He worked for it—the only way to insure it:

"Many of my most fortunate enterprises have fairly started me by the magnitude of their success. When my sanguine hopes predicted a steady flow of fortune, I have been inundated; when I calculated upon making a curious public pay me liberally for a meritorious article, I have often found the same public eager to deluge me with compensation. Yet I never believed in mere luck, and I always pitied the simpleton who relies on luck for his success. Luck is in no sense the foundation of my fortune; from the beginning of my career I planned and worked for my success. To be sure, my schemes often amazed me with the audacity of their results, and, arriving at the very best, I sometimes 'built better than I knew.'"

In the portions we have quoted, we have not endeavored to take out the most amusing portions of this somewhat large volume; it contains, in all, close upon 800 pages. We have rather endeavored to justify the opinion we have expressed regarding its various character. We will, however, extract one of its drollest scenes. Stratton, the father of Tom Thumb, while Mr. Barnum was in Belgium, accompanied him on a visit to the plain of Waterloo. They returned to Brussels too late for the exhibition of the little general. The author shall describe the result:

"Hundreds of visitors had gone away disappointed. With feelings of utter desperation, Stratton started for a barber's shop. He had a fine black, bushy head of hair, of which he was a little proud, and every morning he submitted it to the curling-tongs of the barber. His hair had not been cut for several weeks, and, after being shaved, he desired his barber to trim his now long locks a little. The barber clipped off the ends of the hair, and asked Stratton if that was sufficient."

"No," he replied; "I want it trimmed a little shorter; cut away, and I will tell you when to stop."

"Stratton had risen from bed at an unusual hour, and, after having passed through the troubles and excitements of the unlucky morning, he began to feel a little drowsy. This feeling was augmented by the soothing sensations of the tonsorial process, and while the barber quietly pursued his avocation, Stratton, as quietly fell asleep. The barber went on over his head, cutting off a couple of inches of hair with every clip of his scissors. He then rested for a moment, expecting his customer would tell him that it was sufficient; but the unconscious Stratton uttered not a word, and the barber, thinking he had not cut the hair close enough, went over the head again. Again did he wait for an answer, little thinking that his patron was asleep. Remembering that Stratton had told him to 'cut away, and he would tell him when to stop,' the innocent barber went over the head the third time, cutting the hair nearly as close as if he had shaved it with a razor! Having finished, he again waited for orders from his customer, but he uttered not a word. The barber was surprised, and that surprise was increased when he heard a noise which seemed very like a snore coming from the nasal organ of his unconscious victim."

"The poor barber saw the error that he had committed, and in dismay, as if by mistake, he hit Stratton on the side of the head with his scissors, and woke him. He started to his feet, looked in the glass, and, to his utter horror, saw that he was unfit to appear in public without a wig! He swore like a trooper, but he could not swear the hair back on to his head, and putting on his hat, which dropped loosely over his eyes, he started for the hotel. His despair and indignation were so great that it was some time before he could give utterance to words of explanation. His feelings were not allayed by the denfening burst of laughter which ensued. He said it was the first time that he ever went a sight-seeing, and he guessed it would be the last!"

But were we to go on excerpting, we should find the space before us encroaching beyond the limits

which we can afford for the present notice. We must consequently bring it to a close. The account of the Jenny Lind engagement, the two dresses which have destroyed Mr. Barnum's Museum, his first lecture—the whole of which we believe is printed in this volume; indeed every leading incident in his checkered career is narrated and commented upon, and we can honestly say that there is small attempt at over-coloring them. As a work, it must entitle Mr. Barnum to a very creditable rank among those who have written their own biographies, on the score of the temperance, judgment, general good taste, comic humor, worldly wisdom, and practical philosophy which it so constantly displays, and will assuredly give him a more solid rank in public estimation than he has hitherto occupied.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Besley, is a printer.

The Marquis of Salisbury succeeds the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

The Emperor of China has reached the age of fifteen, and is shortly to be married.

The General Rawlins family fund now amounts to \$43,200.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON, of Trinity College, is dangerously ill.

The Khedive sent forty Suez-opening invitations to the Paris Jockey Club.

MR. C. C. SNIFFEN has been appointed executive clerk to the President.

Gossip reports that a daughter of Admiral Dahlgren will soon wed the Austrian Consul to Yeddo.

VICTOR HUGO demands and invariably receives \$5 for every autograph written.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL MILES, of Washington, has been very ill at St. Louis, but is recovering.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the poet, in consequence of an affection of the brain, has been ordered to give up all literary work.

In addition to other precautions to prevent assassination, it is said that General Prim wears a steel breastplate.

THE BARON DE NOVO FRIBURGO, supposed to be the wealthiest man in Brazil, died on the 4th of October.

REV. DR. JUSTIN PERKINS, for thirty-six years a faithful and successful missionary to the Nestorians, is seriously ill at Chicago, Mass.

A YOUNG RUSSIAN prince robbed his parents of \$70,000, but was arrested on the frontier, and received a dose of the knout for his behavior.

THURLOW WEED writes: "I am considerably better than I was, but my continual mental effort produces vertigo."

SPAIN'S lawyer in this country is Sidney Webster, a son-in-law of Secretary Fish. His salary is \$40,000 in gold.

MATINERA JUNZO and Ise Setaro are the names of the two young Japanese who have come over to be educated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

VICTOR HUGO is at work on another agonizing novel, to be called "The Crime of the Second of December."

GENERAL ALEXANDER TATE, the new Haytian Minister to the United States, is a quadron of high culture, and has before visited this country.

GENERAL JAMES A. KIERNAN, late United States Consul at Chin-Chiang, China, died in New York last week.

GARIBALDI, who has been elected to the Italian Parliament, it is stated, will certainly take his seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

MR. SWINBURNE'S last poem is an entreaty that the illness of the Emperor Napoleon may be aggravated and prolonged.

TRAUPPANA, the perpetrator of the Pantin (Paris) horror, has, after many confessions, made a statement of his guilt, and says he had no accomplice in the butchery.

DR. ALBERT DAY, the popular Superintendent of the New York Inebriate Asylum, at Binghampton, was recently stabbed by an unruly inmate, who had once been discharged for improper conduct.

Among the admissions to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, on the 27th ult., was Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of New York, known as an experienced newspaper and magazine writer.

The journalist and social friends of Colonel George H. Butler gave him a complimentary dinner on the occasion of his expected departure for the discharge of his duties as Consul-General to India.

THE POPE is now reported to be desirous that the Ecumenical Council should avoid any discussion of the principle of infallibility, unless there is an overwhelming majority to support this claim.

It is now said that the stone giant near Syracuse was modeled from the wax mask taken from the face of Napoleon's body when exhibited in Paris.

ISABELLA has grown fiercer in her denunciations of the French, and threatens to leave the country, because Napoleon hesitates to enforce her claim to the throne of Spain.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM B. SHUBRICK is now the oldest officer in either the army or navy, having entered the service in 1805. The oldest commission in the army is that of General Sylvanus Thayer, of Braintree, Mass., who entered the army in 1808.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN has a new carriage, upon the panels of whose door is an emblazoning of two Dahlgren guns, a telescope, an anchor, and a furred flag, with the motto beneath: "Quorum pars sum."

THE exploring party, under Lieutenants Wheeler and Lockwood, went out by General Ord to discover a route through the White Pine country to the Colorado River, have returned to San Francisco. They report having found a good route, abounding with timber and water, with indications of rich mineral deposits.

A SINGULAR MONUMENT is to be dedicated to the memory of the Austrian poet and novelist, Adalbert Stifter. The Blockenstein, by the edge of the lake of the same name, in the Bohemian forests, rises to a great height. It is now proposed to cut in the face of the rock the name of the poet in large gilt letters.

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, the war correspondent of the "Tribune," and author of "Beyond the Mississippi," was shot in the "Tribune" counting-room on the 25th ult. by Daniel McFarland, the bullet passing through his stomach. Notwithstanding the very best medical and social attendance, Mr. Richardson died on Thursday, December 16.



LABORATORY FOR ANALYTICAL STUDIES BY AID OF FIRE, ETC.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THE wide-spread and growing interest felt in this institute, the novelty of its organization and administration, the influence it is beginning to exert upon the industrial and educational interests of the State, have induced us to lay before our readers a brief but accurate account of its origin, progress and aims, with such illustrations as may be necessary for this purpose.

The act of incorporation—passed April 10th, 1861—provides that William B. Rogers (and others named) shall constitute a body corporate, by the name of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for the purpose of instituting and maintaining a Society of Arts, a Museum of Arts, and a School of Industrial Science, and aiding generally, by suitable means, the advancement, development and practical application of science in connection with arts, agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

In this country, and, so far as we know, abroad, societies of arts, museums of arts, and technical or polytechnic schools, have been founded and sustained by separate corporations; but in this institute these three distinct agencies are combined in one organization, that each may aid in developing and increasing the usefulness of the others.

The President of the institute, William B. Rogers, is assisted in its government by four Vice-Presidents, namely, John A. Lowell, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, and Dr. Morrill Wyman; and by four standing committees, that on instruction, headed by Prof. Wm. B. Rogers, on the Museum, by Hon. E. B.



MUSEUM OF INSTITUTE—GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

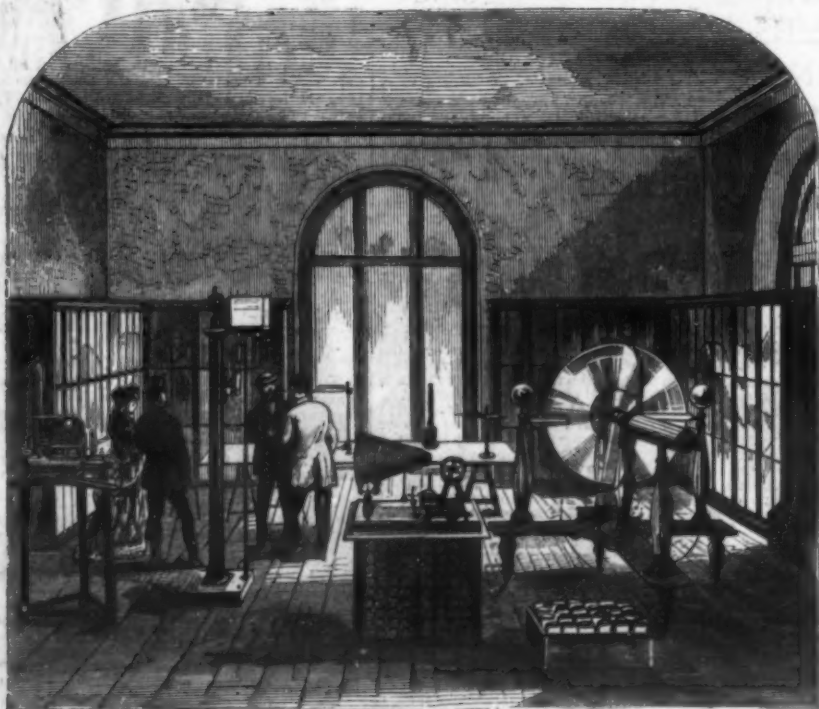
Bigelow, on Publication, by Prof. John D. Runkle, and on Finance, by James M. Beebe. The Secretary, Dr. Samuel Kneeland, and the Treasurer, and Wm. Endicott, Jr., are also members of the Board of Government, together with the Governor of the State, the Chief-Justice, and the Secretary of the Board of Education.

The senior professor, John D. Runkle, A.M., by unanimous election of the Board, is the acting President of the institute in the absence, through illness, of President Rogers; and few men can be found more thoroughly fitted for the comprehensive and complicated duties of the place.

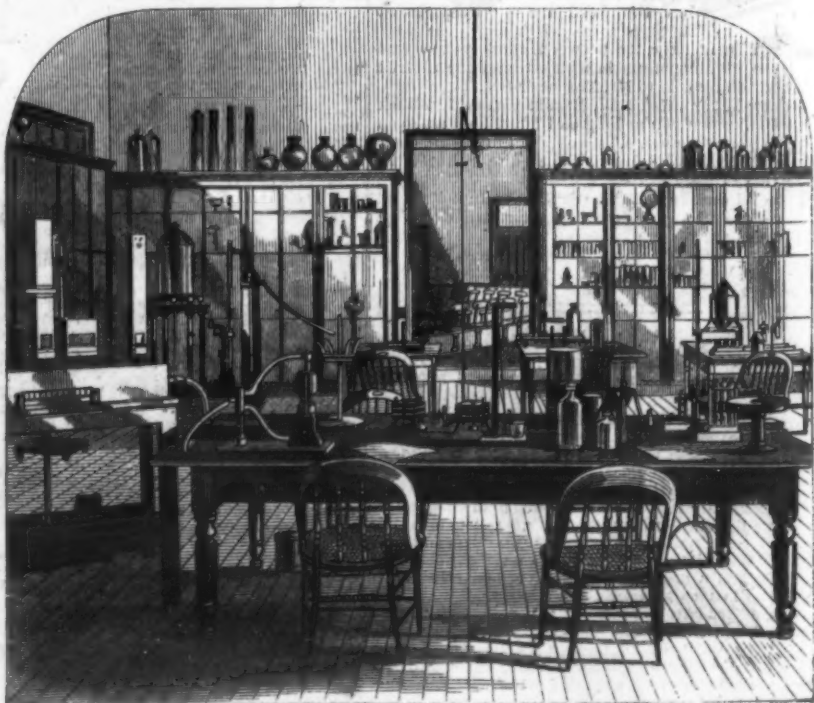
Of this triple organization, the Society of Arts was first put into operation, the first meeting having been held April 8th, 1862. The society now numbers over three hundred members, and has held over one hundred meetings. The by-laws provide for the formation of fourteen art committees, whose chairmen, elected annually, are members of the Government. The meetings are open to the students of the institute.

The second department, the School of the Institute, was opened in February, 1863, with about thirty pupils. The catalogue for 1863-9 shows an attendance of one hundred and seventy-two pupils, and the Faculty consists of twenty professors and assistants, one of whom, Professor Charles W. Eliot, A.M., has just been chosen President of Harvard College.

This is a Technical School, or school of applied science, as the word technology implies, and young men are educated in those professions in which science is applied to the industrial and useful arts, such as mining, mechanical and civil engineering, chemistry and metallurgy, building and architecture. Be-



LABORATORY WITH ELECTRICAL APPARATUS—PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT.



LABORATORY OF CHEMISTRY—PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT.

INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE METAIRIE RACE-COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 293.



CHESTER BULLOCK'S GREAT WAREHOUSE FOR FANCY GOODS, NO. 501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL SALESROOM.—SEE PAGE 223

slides these professional courses, there is a general course in science and literature, designed for those intending to make teaching a profession, or a preparation for any of the active pursuits of life. The course of study is four years, and examinations for admission are held on the first Monday in June, and on the Friday preceding the first Monday in October. Requisites for admission are, age, sixteen years, and a satisfactory examination in arithmetic, algebra to quadratics, plain geometry, English grammar and geography.

The trustees of the Lowell Institute has established in this institute a number of free annual courses, open to students of either sex, and this is believed to be the only school in this country, if not in the world, whose laboratory is open to ladies for systematic courses of chemical manipulation and instruction. These courses are not merely theoretical; they are practical; and it is an interesting sight to see the fifty-two chemical desks in the laboratory all occupied at one time by parties performing experiments, under the direction of the professors, more than half the students in the Lowell courses being ladies. Many of those who take advantage of the afternoon courses are teachers from the public schools, students from the female medical colleges, apothecaries' clerks, and young men who propose to make chemistry, in some of its applications, a profession.

The Museum of Arts, the third department of the Institute of Technology, is yet in embryo. When the necessary funds are obtained, say \$260,000, a magnificent building will be erected for it on adjacent land. The government of the institute has adopted a plan for that part of the museum relating to machinery, suggested by Mr. S. P. Ruggles, the curator of the museum. Instead of the unwieldy collections of complete machines which have elsewhere been made at such cost of time and money, and with such feeble results in facilitating new inventions, it is proposed to make a collection of the elements of machinery, and the simple combinations of those elements. For example, to collect and make working-models of all the different methods for converting a reciprocating motion into a rotary motion, or the reverse; of all varieties of cam motions; of quick and slow screws, so combined as to give both speed and power, and so on; and these models are to be classified, catalogued, and placed in cabinets in the order of subjects. The singular advantages of this plan for a Museum of Machinery are apparent at a glance. In the first place, it will be of manageable bulk; second, it will never grow old; third, such a collection can always be added to with ease, as is the case with a card catalogue in a great library; and lastly, models of the elements of machinery would be more profitable for study than a collection of complete machines, which none but experts could study to advantage without taking them apart. The value of the proposed collection to students, and especially to inventors, is too obvious to need further comment.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.—There is a popular notion current that we mortals weigh as light, or even lighter, after dinner than before. Some friends of mine lately determined to test the point, having ready means of weighing at hand. Five or six of a party, ladies and gentlemen of various weights and ages, put themselves severally into the scales before and after the afternoon meal for several days together, and recorded their gravities accurately. They one and all weighed more after dinner than before, and the average increase was about two pounds and a quarter—just what we may assume was the weight of the food and drink they had taken. So the popular notion is a fallacy—whence did it arise?

THE Idle and Industrious Congressmen, in FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, is the best series of humorous cuts since the times of Hogarth. It has caused the greatest excitement at Washington.

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop.

Indispensable Rupture Cure.

We have received a statement from Mr. Corlew, respecting his cure of Rupture by Dr. Sherman's system. We have repeatedly given to our readers the assurance of Dr. Sherman's success, and are glad to learn Mr. Corlew heeded our opinion, and hope many others will do the same.

SUFFERINGS FROM RUPTURE, AND FINAL CURE OF MR. J. CORLEW.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER: I was badly afflicted with Rupture, and suffered from it a great deal in my business as carpenter. I saw favorable notices of Dr. Sherman's success in curing rupture in your paper, and applied to him, and was at once relieved and soundly cured in six months. I have been nearly a year cured, and feel nothing of rupture. I was examined by Dr. Carnochan, Dr. Willard Parker, and other members of the Medical College, who pronounced my case a radical cure. I now, in justice to the dictates of humanity, recommend those ruptured not to rest until they obtain Dr. Sherman's remedies.

JAMES CORLEW,
245 West 40th street, New York City.

P. S.—Herewith I enclose you the certificate of my cure:

This is to certify that I have examined Mr. James Corlew, who was afflicted with a large scrotal rupture, and that I have found him radically cured by Dr. Sherman's treatment. The parts are substantially restored, and in my opinion no rupture can occur again in his right side.

J. D. L. ZENDER, M.D.,
Member of several Medical and Scientific Societies, especially the Philadelphia University of Physicians and Surgeons.

Similar certificates were given by Dr. J. M. Carnochan, Surgeon-in-Chief to New York State Hospital, Dr. Willard Parker, M.D., considered the ablest surgeon in New York City, Dr. Mott and others. These proofs, I think, will remove the doubts which I had to contend against, and give confidence to the ruptured.

THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD.—On another page will be found an announcement by those eminent commercial agents, Messrs. W. P. CONVERSE & CO., 54 Pine street, and TANNER & CO., fiscal agents, 49 Wall street, in which they offer, in behalf of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad, \$1,500,000 in first mortgage bonds, the interest on which the owners of the road guarantee eight per cent. in gold, free from all Government charges. This road, when completed, will open up a country unusually rich in agricultural and mineral resources, and it cannot but eventually become one of the best paying on the continent. It is virtually an extension of the Hannibal and St. Joseph, and it has, additional thereto, connection North and East. It is safe to invest in its mortgages, and we call the attention of capitalists and others to it. Indeed, we are quite certain the firms we have referred to would have nothing to do with it if it were not, in their estimation, what it professes to be—a first-class enterprise, and quite capable of fulfilling its promises.

EVERY Irishman and Fenian should buy the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN. It contains the only authentic Life and Portrait of the Great Fenian Leader.

THE Ecumenical Council which Pope Pius IX. has convened at Rome will create an excitement almost unprecedented in ecclesiastical matters. In connection with this, the beautiful photographs of scenes in Rome, St. Peter's, with its lofty dome and elegantly-carved statues, and other buildings of interest, which E. P. Dutton & Co., of 713 Broadway, have just offered for sale, will form pleasing souvenirs of this great convention. Besides this collection, E. P. Dutton & Co. have an elegant stock of beautifully-illustrated books, which will be found very appropriate for holiday presents.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—I have had in constant use in my family for the past ten years a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, and have made on it the clothing of my children, besides doing the general sewing of a household. Its simplicity and durability, and the beautiful, strong, elastic stitch, which never breaks in washing, and stands until the material itself is worn out, besides the large range of ornamental embroidery, place it far ahead of any other machine for general household work.

269 Ontario street, Chicago. MRS. J. WADE.

THE COMBINATION TOOL COMPANY, No. 95 Mercer street, offers to the public a snug little instrument, which combines twelve tools in one. The size of this little instrument is, when closed, that of an ordinary penknife.

VALUABLE HOLIDAY GIFTS.—The most valuable and attractive presents a gentleman can give a lady at this time are Dr. Gouraud's Medicated Soap, and his celebrated Oriental Cream. The first purifies the skin, and removes all cutaneous disfigurements, such as freckles and pimples, leaving a delicious sense of alabaster coolness and purity, while Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, is perfectly unequalled for its effects upon the skin. No lady who has once used it can afford to dispense with it, if she wishes to retain the dazzling whiteness of her skin and the bloom of her complexion. The Medicated Soap and the Oriental Cream are both independent of each other, and are priceless as cleansers and beautifiers. They are the gems of the toilet.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine over ten years without repairs, and without breaking a needle, although I commenced the use of it without any instruction. Have used it constantly for family sewing; have quilted whole quilts of the largest size, and it is still in complete order, runs like a top, and bids fair to be willed to those who come after me, with better powers of production than an unbroken prairie farm.

Mrs. H. E. G. ARRY.
Whitewater, Wis.

A MILE of Cabinet Organs would seem a large number, yet if the instruments manufactured and sold by the MAROX & HAMLIN Co., during the PAST YEAR ALONE, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than THREE MILES, or if arranged three in a tier, would make a solid wall nine feet in height around the Boston Common.

We hardly know which is the more surprising, the demand now existing for these organs, or the improvement made in them during the past few years; that which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument, becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs, both in this country and Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Cabinet Organ is fast taking its place as the favorite parlor instrument amongst all classes of society.—Boston Traveler.

"SELF-KNOWLEDGE."—WHAT IS the cause of Bashfulness, Sensitiveness, Diffidence? Of Distrust, Timidity, Despondency? Why is one Brave, Resolute, Courageous, and another Cowardly? One Dignified, another Clownish? One honest, another dishonest? enterprising or indolent? ingenious, inventive, artistic, musical, or lacking these qualities? Why are we Jews, Catholics or Protestants? Why is one inclined to wedlock and another to celibacy? Who is and who is not adapted to business? Who should and who should not become teachers, preachers, lawyers, physicians, writers, bankers, brokers, merchants, mechanics, or manufacturers? All these, and many similar questions, are answered in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a first-class Magazine, published at \$3 a year by S. R. WELLS, No. 399 Broadway, N. Y. A new volume for 1870 is now commenced. Newsmen have it. 742-43

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A DOSE

for the stomach is absurd. It mixes with the food, and enters with the blood in all parts of the system, and weakens every part. Stop it, and try, free of cost, WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT, at 151 Chatham Square, N. Y. A pint sent free of Express charges on receipt of \$5, or a gallon for \$20, double strength.

Just Published, December Number of HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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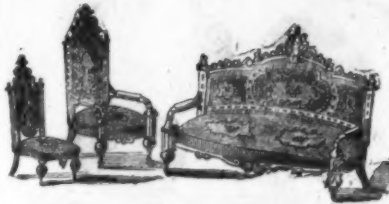
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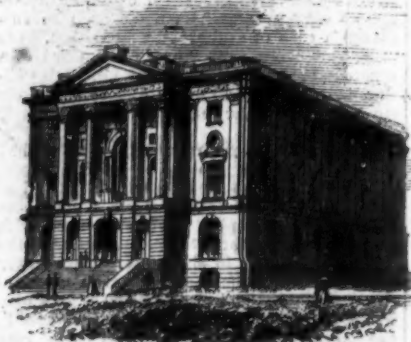
SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 742 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

In the fairest portion of Boston, just adjoining the pleasure of the Public Garden, with its flowers and fountains, and in the neighborhood of the palaces of that region, there stands a handsome and massive building of brick and brown-stone, withdrawn a little from the street,



INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON, MASS. SEE PAGE 228.

and surrounded by a belt of turf—a building sheltering the operations of an institution which is destined to assume a part in the education of a people never played before. It is that of the Institute of Technology. This building is the tomb of the dead languages. The

day on which its first stone was laid sealed the fate, it is to be hoped, of that system by which our youth waste the best portion of student-life in burrowing into the grammars and dictionaries of races less enlightened than their own, of a literature whose beauties their immature minds cannot perceive—literature already sufficiently displayed by translation, and whose general pursuit is of no further earthly use to any one alive. The Institute of Technology, which had its origin in a Society of Arts afterward opened into an Industrial School, and extended to an Industrial Museum, is devoted to the study, application and development of the physical and natural sciences, supplementing its purely technical courses of instruction with one of more general science, literature and fine arts, for those who may desire to keep more in the current of the world than delving at the roots of things with their specialties will allow. On one side of the Institute is another building greatly resembling it, known as the Natural History Rooms, and as much open to the students as if it were a part of their own building, as the Public Library of the city of Boston also is. A vacant space on the other side of the Institute was intended by the friends of the movement for the removal and re-erection of the Public Library on that spot; which movement, had it been successful, would in time have caused the Library Building to be followed by the Historical Rooms, and by everything else of a corresponding nature, until the whole collection of societies, bound together by courtesies, affiliations and natural rights, might eventually have come under one government, and have become a university of national importance, the first of its kind and greatest possible. This, however, is yet to be.

Upon entering the Institute Building, it is seen to be of the most spacious and endurable description: broad entry-ways and flights of easy

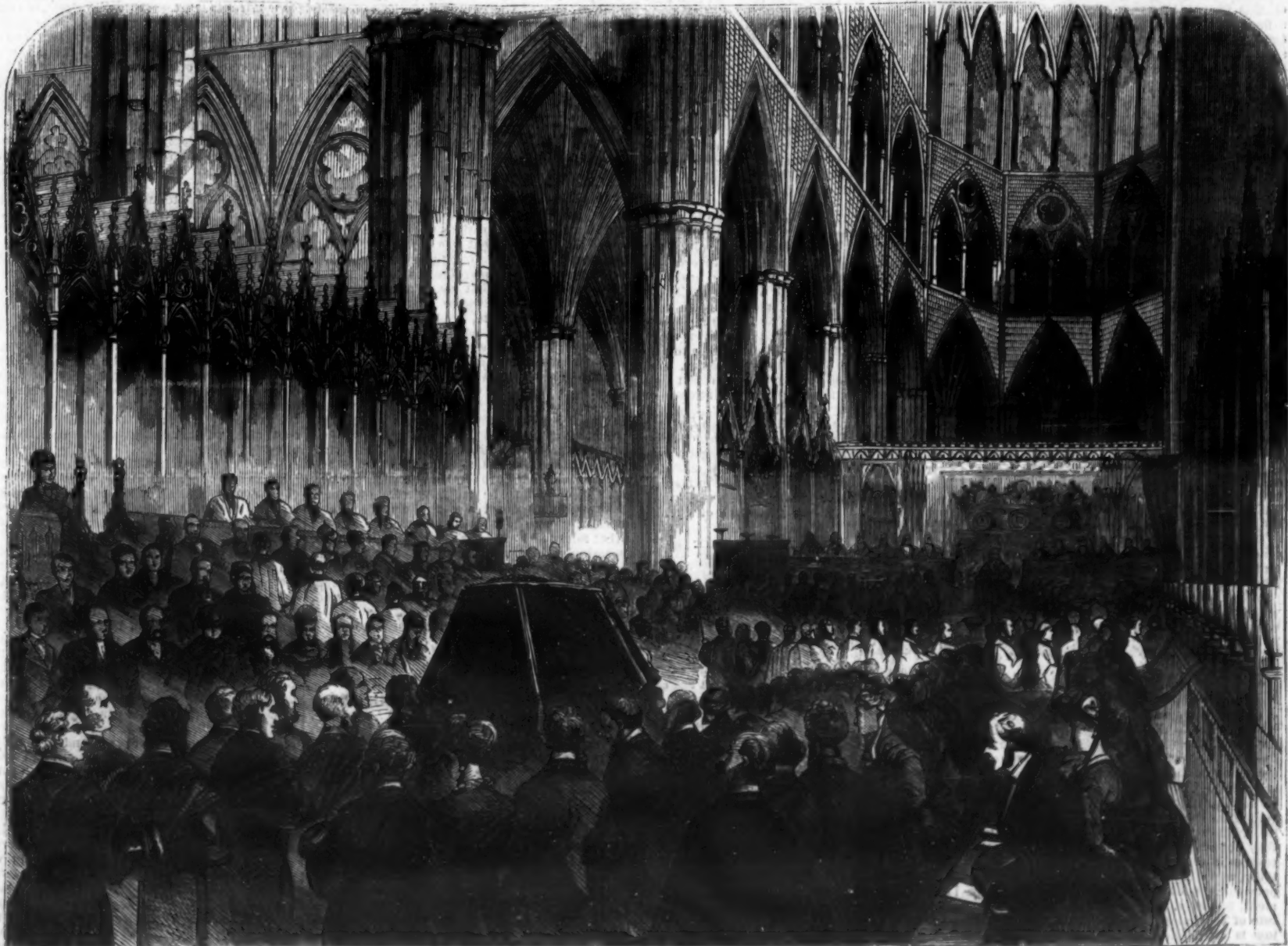
stairs lead through it, and its halls of study and recitation are divided by walls twenty inches in thickness, through which, instead of through the eaves, all the drainage of the roof is conducted. At the top of the building are the large sky-lighted apartments, devoted to free-hand drawing. These apartments are lined with copies of antiques, plaster casts of vegetable and animal life, slabs of arabesque ornamentation, and various models for the student's use. On the same floor are the rooms of architectural study and drawing, where quiet students are absorbed above their desks, and indeed, of the two hundred who go noiselessly in and out over the softly matted floors of the whole building, there are few to be found who are not equally absorbed and in earnest, for those who come to this school, come, it is to be presumed, full of the divine curiosity to know. In the story beneath these rooms are those of an architectural museum—to be removed into an adjoining building at some future day—where every school is illustrated with models and copies of famous statuary and edifices. Around the upper portion of these rooms hangs a set of sculptures, casts of the ornamentation of the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, among the most celebrated of Gothic sculptures, and dating back to the early part of the Thirteenth Century. These casts were obtained by stealth from the models made for the Crystal Palace, and are the only duplicates in existence. Here a winged figure plays on his violin, and bends a listening ear; here one carries a falcon, another a book; here mounts an angel with a human soul; in every interspace is a corbel, a gargoyle, a dripstone, an alto relievo. Athens, Babylon, the cities of Etruria, are represented by slabs, statues, models of ruins, that long study could not exhaust; the house of Ann Hathaway stands beside the Temple of Paestum, for the time being; a screen of stained glass divides one room from another;

there are encaustic tiles of every pattern strewn about the floor, copied from the mosaics of Pompeii, and representing an era when art had become a luxury of the senses, and had ceased to be a worship; there are the Neapolitan jars



WILLIAM B. ROGERS, PRESIDENT OF INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON, MASS.—SEE PAGE 228.

reduced, but displaying the modern adaptation of the ancient curves and shapes; and here the whole procession of the art of the Caucasian is contrasted and accentuated by a picture, the latest effort of the Chinese pencil. The place is rich, too, with complete sets of celebrated



ENGLAND.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY—CARRYING THE BODY UP THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 223.

drawings, with photographs of old buildings, on whose beauty we have not yet learned to improve, or of new ones contributed by their happy architects, and with a curiosity of emulative practice, consisting of the actual drawings of Parisian and German boys in the Polytechnic and other schools, in order that the students here may see to what perfection their drawings could be carried, and, moreover, objects of beauty in themselves, these showing charms of outline in arch and architecture, those the effects of light and shadow, and others the combination of richly colored materials.

Along the passages from story to story, there are large cases of instruments for use or models for observation; in one place a collection for surveying in all its branches; in another, reduced to miniature, countless specimens of every sort of pipe and drain, with joints and contrivances at all possible angles. On another floor, under charge of Professor Runkle, President *pro tempore* of the Institute, are the mathematical rooms, whose walls are blackboards which the young geometers and algebraists have left covered with cabalistic signs, or where the instructors—men who do not need to die, like the rest of us, in order to learn the secrets of the spheres, for they have mastered them all while yet living—have written up statements in that great language with which God first said to the stars and suns, Let there be light, or have illustrated their lectures with formulas and equations, merely to look at which might be enough to soften the brain of an ignoramus.

A great feature in the Institute is a course of study in physics, where the experiments are conducted in every particular by the students themselves; and to this end, large rooms on the first floor are given up, and are filled with as complete apparatus as it is possible to find. Here is electrical machinery on an enormous scale, one plate quite capable, it would seem, of furnishing a tolerable thunder-storm of its own. Here is every opportunity for complete education in telegraphy—and particularly ocean telegraphy, whose exquisitely delicate manipulations are nowhere taught save here, and are at present entirely in the hands of the English, who manage the French and all other cables. Here, too, are the new instruments for detecting and illustrating the nature and powers of sound—sirens, pan-pipes, phonographs, and others, one of them a very interesting arrangement of gas-jets, regulating the singing of the variously-sized flame to the delicacy of tone and half-tone. Professor Watson, lately returning from Europe, has added to the wealth of this department more than a thousand models, in iron, wood, and other substances, for mechanical engineering. The students in that branch of physics also enjoy facilities seldom to be had elsewhere, being taken, at stated seasons, into the Government machine-shops in the Navy Yard across the river, where they work as journeymen under the direction of a master-mechanic, and acquire a practical knowledge as thorough as their theoretical.

Besides an extended mineralogical collection on this floor, there are in the geological rooms a fine series of maps, the mere handiwork of coloring which required an outlay of five thousand dollars, and which, as illustrative of their science, are invaluable. They were the work and property of the late Professor Henry D. Rogers, and were given by Mrs. Rogers to the Institute, where they can serve their purpose more faithfully than anywhere else.

Nothing, however, in the whole building, is of more interest to the visitor than the Chemical Department. This consists of five laboratories, with additional rooms for lecture, recitation and other purposes. These laboratories are, without doubt, the best in the United States. In them the students conduct their own investigations under the oversight of their instructors, a desk, a set of drawers, a fiasco and wash-bowl being allotted to each student to the number of one hundred and four; the vials with whose contents he is to experiment are ranged just above his desk; there is pen and paper for the notation of his analysis; the utensils, chiefly of glass, are furnished him by a lady, whose accurate system and discipline have saved to the Institute a large sum of money, no student ever entering the glass-room, but each one having the articles used checked against him, and being required to pay upon the spot for such as he may have broken; and there are a series of closets adjoining, for the complete change of his apparel before work. The first laboratory is called the qualitative, where the elements that enter into the constitution of substances are detected; the second is called the quantitative, where the amount of those elements is ascertained; the others are the brick-floored rooms for assaying metals, smelting, and general use of the blow-pipe, together with a smaller apartment for the private occupation of advanced students who wish to carry on special researches. It would be hard to pass a more entertaining hour than in these rooms during the afternoons of work, with the eager young experimenters answering the first problems that nature offers, while their professor, with his intellectual face, moves round encouragingly among them. On winter evenings these rooms present a scene of unusual interest, for it is then that female students are given the use of the desks and apparatus. The Institute of Technology is itself closed to female students, but the course of lectures and instruction provided for by the fund of the Lowell Institute are open to those of either sex; yet, as by the terms of the Lowell foundation its trustees are forbidden to hold real estate, they found themselves unable to give the courses in chemistry which were enjoined upon them, and which require the possession of some permanent spot of property. By an arrangement, however, with the officers of the Institute of Technology, the laboratory of that building is abandoned to the use of the Lowell Institute on certain unemployed evenings, the latter Institute providing a great portion of expensive apparatus, and recompensing the professors and instructors for duties not obligatory

upon them. This arrangement has been found to be of great mutual benefit, and large classes, both in chemistry and drawing, and in the modern languages, have taken advantage of it, and drank freely at this fountain of learning provided for them without money and without price. There has been but a single one of these courses unattended by women, and that was a course on mining.

The opportunities afforded by the others have all been eagerly seized; in the class of mathematics, where, out of the large number that began, only fifteen remained through the lectures, one of these fifteen was a lady, who followed Professor Runkle through his whole course upon the Differential Calculus and mastered the subject as thoroughly as the best reader Laplace ever had. This lady was a teacher in the neighboring town of Charlestown, and the next winter attended the alternating course on chemistry, and made herself quite as thoroughly at home in such matters, as in those of the preceding year. Of this class in chemistry, one-half were young ladies, many of them teachers, some medical students, some compounders of drugs for apothecaries; and, what was a little extraordinary, while in a rain-storm many of the young men found it inconvenient to be present, not one of the young ladies was ever known to be absent. Our engravings give, in a faithful manner views of this class going through their ordinary exercises, and should be of general interest as representing the first opening to women ever afforded by science, since in such sporadic cases as those of Caroline Herschel and Maria Mitchell, it was not science that afforded the opening, but the individuals who compelled it. The professors declare that all the difference that they discover between the male and the female students, is in favor of the latter; but that may easily be accounted for by the supposition of superior age, and the absolute necessity of availing themselves of opportunities seldom occurring. There is, though, no need of any invidious comparison, where all are so earnest, and some few so zealous that they are known to have studied in bed, when unable to afford a fire, and to have dieted sumptuously on crackers and cold water. It is related of two of the youths attending the Institute, that for a long time, full of generous rivalry, they competed for the leadership in their classes; one could equal the other, but never could outstrip him; and it was only when happening by chance to visit the opera, on whose help he had somewhat relied, since his friendly rival was very fond of it, and seldom missed it, that he discovered the young man busy with pencil and paper, and the consequent uselessness of any attempt to surpass one who wrought out his problems in the calculus between the acts of "Fra Diavolo."

The spirit of these two boys is, however, the spirit that animates nearly all. They know that their opportunity is a wonderful one; for not only are they students at an unequalled school, but their school has been put into connection with one of the greatest establishments of all modern science, the Coast Survey, and now forms one of its stations. Their president discovered, one day, that they were within the range of several of the stations of that great establishment, and immediately threw up a pier on which their instruments could be planted, made his measurements, and put the Institute into full communication with the other stations. The Coast Survey, it is well known, in the three most important portions of engineering, triangulation, hydrography and topography, leads the world; there is nothing in Europe that eclipses it; and when two of its members were invited to chairs in the Institute, the gain to the students was incalculable. Every summer parties of them are taken out on the official surveys, giving the Government the advantage of trained hands and heads for its work, and the students a fair equivalent of money, often needed, and more than an equivalent in healthy exercise. In the meantime every instrument possessed by Government, and beyond the means of the Institute to purchase, is at the disposal of the latter, and, through the Coast Survey, it is in direct communication with the last word of science on either continent. It is thus easily seen that this school, which has all the dignity of any college, and infinitely more usefulness, is doing a splendid thing in scattering its good seed over every field, its work in every mountain and mine, and across every river, in training young men into the public service, and in preparing laborers for the great task of opening this mighty continent.

NOT DEAD.

SOME weeks since, the present writer was requested to attend, on Monday morning, the funeral of a lady sixty-seven years of age, the wife of the mayor of a small French town, who had died in the night between the Thursday and the Friday previous. On the company assembling, the curé informed us that the body would remain where it was for awhile, but that the usual ceremonies (except those at the cemetery) would be proceeded with all the same. We therefore followed him to the church, and had a funeral service without a burial. It transpired that the body was still quite warm, and presented no signs of decomposition.

In the ordinary course of things, this circumstance might not have prevented the interment; but the poor lady herself had requested not to be buried until decomposition should have begun beyond the possibility of mistake; and the family remembered, and regretted, that her brother had been put into the ground, three days after his death, while still warm, and with his countenance unchanged. They had occasionally felt uneasy about the matter, fearing that they might have been too precipitate in their proceedings. So in this case they resolved to take no irrevocable step without the

full assurance of being justified in doing so. The corpse was kept uninterred long after every doubt was set at rest.

It will easily be supposed that the dangerous briefness of this interval has been urged upon the attention of the French Legislature, and been ably discussed by the French medical press. In 1866, a petition was presented to the Senate from a person named De Cornol, pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences. Amongst other things, he prayed that the space of twenty-four hours between the decease and the interment now prescribed by law should be extended to eight-and-forty hours. A long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of opinion that the petition should not be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the Minister of the Interior for further consideration and inquiry. Some of the venerable prelate's remarks produced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular mention. He said he had the very best reasons for believing that the victims of hasty interments were more numerous than people supposed. He considered the regulations on this head prescribed by the law as very judicious, but unfortunately they were not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance attached to them. In the village where he was stationed as assistant curate in the first period of his sacerdotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour fixed for his interment by the municipal officer. The second was a man who was quite restored to life. In both these instances a trance more prolonged than usual was taken for actual death.

The next case in his experience occurred at Bordeaux. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished names in the department, had passed through what was believed to be her last agony, and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heartrending spectacle. At that moment, as God willed it, the cardinal happened to pass the door of the house, when it occurred to him to call and inquire how the young lady was going on. When he entered the room, the nurse, finding the body breathless, was in the act of covering the face, and indeed there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or other, it did not seem so certain to him as to the bystanders. He resolved to try. He raised his voice, called loudly upon the young lady not to give up all hope, said that he was come to cure her, and that he was about to pray for her. "You do not see me," he said, "but you hear what I am saying." Those singular presentiments were not unfounded. The words of hope reached her ear and effected a marvelous change, or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl survived, and in 1866 was a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two most respectable families.

The last instance related by the archbishop is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be given in his own words.

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with a giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church, and carried home. Everybody thought that all was over. Some hours afterward, the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if, like the young lady I have mentioned, he could see nothing, he could nevertheless hear; and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age, the place of his birth, etc., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the *De Profundis*. The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amid the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvelous effect, and excited him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit, from which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

On the 13th of July, 1829, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris, a body which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the river. It was that of a young man, twenty years of age, dark-complexioned, and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick and yellowish froth exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed, and motionless; the limbs limp and drooping. No pulsation of the heart nor trace of respiration was perceptible. The body had remained under water for a considerable time: the search after it, made in Dr. Bourgeois's presence, lasted fully twenty minutes. That gentleman did not hesitate to incur the derision of the lookers-on, by proceeding to attempt the resurrection of what, in their eyes, was a mere lump of clay. Nevertheless, several hours afterward, the supposed corpse was restored to life, thanks to the obstinate perseverance of

the doctor, who, although strong and enjoying robust health, was several times on the point of losing courage, and abandoning the patient in despair.

But what would have happened if Dr. Bourgeois, instead of persistently remaining stooping over the inanimate body, with watchful eye and attentive ear, to catch the first rustling of the heart, had left the drowned man, after half an hour's fruitless endeavor, as often happens? The unfortunate young man would have been laid in the grave, although capable of restoration to life! To this case, Dr. Bourgeois, in the Archives de Médecine, adds others, in which individuals, who had remained under water as long as six hours were recalled to life by efforts which a weaker conviction than his own would have refrained from making. These facts lead Dr. Londe to the conclusion that, every day, drowned individuals are buried, who, with greater perseverance, might be restored to life.

Nor is suffocation by foul air and mephitical gas a rare form of death. It is possible that suspended animation may now and then have been mistaken for the absolute extinction of life. Dr. Londe gives an instructive case to the purpose. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop, a close narrow corner, or rather hole, was the sleeping-place of the shopman who managed the night sale till the shop was closed, and who opened the shutters at four in the morning. On the 16th of January, 1825, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As nobody stirred to open it, the grocer rose himself, grumbling at the shopman's laziness, and proceeding to his sleeping-hole to scold him, he found him motionless in bed, completely deprived of consciousness. Terror-struck by the idea of sudden death, he immediately sent in search of a doctor, who suspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His suspicions were confirmed by the sight of a night-lamp, which had gone out, although well-supplied with oil and wick; and by a portable stove containing the remains of charcoal partly reduced to ashes.

In spite of a severe frost, he immediately had the patient taken into the open air, and kept on a chair in a position as nearly vertical as possible. The limbs of the sufferer hung loose and drooping, the pupils were motionless, with no trace either of breathing or pulsation of the heart or arteries; in short, there were all the signs of death. The most approved modes of restoring animation were persisted in for a long while, without success. At last, about three in the afternoon, that is, after eleven hours' continued exertion, a slight movement was heard in the region of the heart. A few hours afterward, the patient opened his eyes, regained consciousness, and was able to converse with the spectators attracted by his resurrection. Dr. Londe draws the same conclusions as before; namely, that persons suffocated by mephitism are not unfrequently buried when they might be saved.

We have had cholera in New York, and may have it again. At such trying times, if ever, hurried interments are not merely excusable, but almost unavoidable. Nevertheless, one of the peculiarities of that fearful disease is to bring on some of the symptoms of death, the prostration, the coldness, and the dull livid hues, long before life has taken its departure. Now, Dr. Londe states, as an acknowledged fact, that patients, pronounced dead of cholera, have been repeatedly seen to move one or more of their limbs after death. While M. Trachez (who had been sent to Poland to study the cholera) was opening a subject in the dead-house of the Bagatelle Hospital in Warsaw, he saw another body (that of a woman of fifty, who had died in two days, having her eyes still bright, her joints supple, but the whole surface extremely cold), which visibly moved its left foot ten or twelve times in the course of an hour. Afterward, the right foot participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Trachez sent for Mr. Searle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the phenomenon. Mr. Searle had often remarked it. The woman, nevertheless, was left in the dissecting-room, and thence taken to the cemetery. Several other medical men stated that they had made similar observations. From which M. Trachez draws the inference: "It is allowable to think that many cholera patients have been buried alive."

Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix, Savoy, was sent for to La Roche (Department of the Yonne), to visit a cholera patient, Thérèse X., who had lost all the members of her family by the same disease. He found her in a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein; not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit, and immediately loosed their hold. He covered the body with stimulant applications, and went to take a little rest, requesting to be called if the patient manifested any signs of life. The night and next day passed without any change. While making preparations for the burial, they noticed a little blood oozing out of the leech-bites. Dr. Veyrat, informed of the circumstance, entered the chamber, just as the nurse was about to wrap the corpse in its winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Thérèse's chest. She opened her eyes, and in a hollow voice said to the nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you." She recovered, and felt no other inconvenience than a deafness, which lasted about two months.

In Germany, coffins, with the corpses laid out in them, are placed in a building where a keeper watches day and night. During the forty years that this system has been in force, not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. This negative result cannot be cited as conclusive, either for or against the system. In a country where a million of people annually die, an experiment embracing only forty-six thousand corpses is too partial to be relied on as evidence. Moreover, mortuary chambers exist only in a few great centres of

population; and it is especially in small towns and country districts, where medical men are too busy to inspect the dead, that premature interments are to be apprehended.

It has been judiciously remarked that it would be a good plan to spread the knowledge of the sure and certain characteristics which enable us to distinguish every form of lethargy from real death. It cannot be denied that, at the present epoch, the utmost pains are taken to popularize every kind of knowledge. Nevertheless, it makes slow way through the jungles of prejudice and vulgar error. Not long ago it was over and over again asserted that an infallible mode of ascertaining whether a person were dead or not, was to inflict a burn on the sole of the foot. If a blister full of water resulted, the individual was not dead; if the contrary happened, there was no further hope. This error was unhesitatingly accepted as an item of the popular creed.

The Council of Hygiene, applied to by the government, indicated putrefaction and cadaverous rigidity as infallible signs of actual death. In respect to the first, putrefaction, a professional man is not likely to make a mistake; but nothing is more possible than for non-professionals to confound hospital rotteness, gangrene, with true post-mortem putrefaction. M. de Parville declines to admit it as a test adapted for popular application. Moreover, in winter the time required for putrefaction to manifest itself is extremely uncertain.

The cadaverous rigidity, the stiffness of a corpse, offers an excellent mode of verifying death; but its value and importance are not yet appreciable by everybody, or by the first comer. Cadaverous rigidity occurs a few hours after death; the limbs, hitherto supple, stiffen; and it requires a certain effort to make them bend. But when once the faculty of bending a joint is forcibly restored—to the arm, for instance—it will not stiffen again, but will retain its suppleness. If the death be real, the rigidity is overcome once for all. But if the death be only apparent, the limbs quickly resume, with a sudden and jerking movement, the contracted position which they previously occupied. The stiffness begins at the top, the head and neck, and descends gradually to the trunk.

These characteristics are very clearly marked; but they must be caught in the fact, and at the moment of their appearance; because, after a time, of variable duration, they disappear. The contraction of the members no longer exists, and the suppleness of the joints returns. Many other symptoms might be added to the above; but they demand still greater clearness of perception, more extended professional knowledge, and more practiced habits of observation.

Although the French Government is anxious to enforce, throughout the whole empire, the rules carried out in Paris, it is to be feared that great difficulties lie in the way. The verification of deaths on so enormous a scale, with strict minuteness, is almost impracticable. But even if it were not, many timid persons would say: "Who is to assure us of the correctness of the doctors' observations? Unfortunately, too many terrible examples of their fallibility are on record. The professional man is pressed for time. He pays a passing visit, gives a hurried glance; and a fatal mistake is so easily made!" Public opinion will not be reassured until you can show, every time a death occurs, an irrefutable demonstration that life has departed.

M. de Parville now announces the possibility of this great desideratum. He professes to place in any one's hands a self-acting apparatus, which would declare not only whether the death be real, but would leave in the hands of the experimenter a written proof of the reality of the death. The scheme is this: It is well known that atrophine—the active principle of belladonna—possesses the property of considerably dilating the pupil of the eye. Oculists constantly make use of it, when they want to perform an operation, or to examine the interior of the eye. Now, M. le Docteur Bouchut has shown that atrophine has no action on the pupil when death is real. In a state of lethargy, the pupil, under the influence of a few drops of atrophine, dilates in the course of a few minutes; the dilatation also takes place a few instants after death; but it ceases absolutely in a quarter of an hour, or half an hour at the very longest; consequently, the enlargement of the pupil is a certain sign that death is not apparent.

This premises, imagine a little camera-obscura, scarcely so big as an opera-glass, containing a slip of photographic paper, which is kept unrolling for five-and-twenty or thirty minutes by means of clockwork. This apparatus, placed a short distance in front of the dead person's eye, will depict on the paper the pupil of the eye, which will have been previously moistened with a few drops of atrophine. It is evident that, as the paper slides before the eye of the corpse, if the pupil dilate, its photographic image will be dilated; if, on the contrary, it remains unchanged, the image will retain its original size. An inspection of the paper then enables the experimenter to read upon it whether the death is real or apparent only. This sort of declaration can be handed to the civil officer, who will give a permit to bury in return.

By this simple method, a hasty or careless certificate of death becomes impossible. The instrument applies the test, and counts the minutes. The doctor and the civil officer are relieved from further responsibility. The paper gives evidence that the verification has actually and carefully been made; for, suppose that half an hour is required to produce a test that can be relied on, the length of the strip of paper unrolled marks the time during which the experiment has been continued.

The President has appointed Thomas H. Talbot, of Maine, Assistant Attorney-General, in place of Mr. Dickey, who resigned several weeks ago.

THE SOUL'S ELIXIR.

WHEN summer winds are laid asleep,
And flowers are still in rest,
And all things a mute reverence keep,
And bless from being blessed—

Then is the time of growing calm,
That, slowly swelling on,
O'erflows the spirit, like a psalm
That joins two worlds as one.

Then let us drink the living stream,
That in the strife of day,
Our souls may rest, as in a dream
Of something past decay!

ALCIDOR THE TENOR.

It was the height of the "Reign of Terror" in Paris. A crowded audience were breathlessly listening to their favorite tenor, Alcidor, with whose singing they seemed perfectly enchanted.

"C'est magnifique! c'est charmant!" "It is superb! ravishing!" was whispered alike in pit, boxes and gallery, as Alcidor was singing. In the most exquisite style, the air "O Richard! O mon Roi!"

And when he finished the beautiful song in the second act of the opera, "Un rêve si doux!" the public enthusiasm could no longer be restrained. The house shook with thunders of applause. Even Robespierre's features were, for the moment, lit up with an agreeable smile, as, leaning toward Danton, he whispered, "Citizen, if all the proscribed had such a voice, there would be little work for the guillotine."

"And wherefore?" answered Danton, that sanguinary revolutionist, as with his small eyes he looked fixedly, with a piercing glance, at the singer.

"Because," whispered Robespierre, "the people would never assent if it were proposed to doom so splendid a throat to anything else but singing. Only look, I pray you, at our friend the fisherman, up there in the gallery; she is quite mad with enthusiasm."

At this moment another storm of applause burst forth, as the singer, in compliance with the wish of the audience, repeated the air; and when "King Richard," in a song in reply, should have answered "Blondel," pit and gallery loudly applauded, and drowned both the singer's voice and his song.

The favorite seemed neither to notice the enthusiasm of the audience nor the smile of satisfaction on the countenance of the terrible Robespierre. His eyes were steadily fixed upon one of the boxes in the first tier, in which sat the beautiful and noble widow, the Marquise d'Anville. Vainly he sought to catch the glance of the marquise; she was so deeply engaged in conversation with a gentleman who was sitting near her in the box that she seemed to be totally unconscious of the singer. But his ardent gaze at length aroused her; she seemed to recollect herself, and, leaning forward over the front of the box, she waved toward him her handkerchief and fan, whilst he, quite beside himself, stretched out both his arms toward her. The audience knew very well that the marquise was Alcidor's beloved; that he, like the chivalrous knights of old, devoted his love, voice, yea, life to her; and they admired and honored the lady to whom Alcidor so frequently alluded in his rapturous song as his guardian angel. The applause was now, therefore, as much for the marquise as for the singer.

"Curses on this marquise!" Danton morosely whispered. "I do not like her; it seems to me that her neck is ready for the guillotine."

"Take care, citizen," said Robespierre, in an undertone, "that no one hears what you are saying; the people would be fearfully enraged if they heard you, for Alcidor is the pet of the people, and the marquise is his beloved. Indeed, it is even said that the proud marquise is about to become Alcidor's wife; that she will soon marry this darling of the people, and this is her protection. We dare not oppose the people, and the people love Alcidor far more (I verily believe) than they do either you or I, Citizen General!"

The next morning Alcidor was reclining on a couch, feeling exhausted with the past evening's excitement, arrayed in a gorgeous silk dressing-gown, and with his feet thrust carelessly into a pair of Turkish slippers.

There was an air of agreeable confusion about the room. On a tambourine was the ermine mantle in which the singer had appeared on the previous evening. On a chair lay, carelessly huddled together, a Spanish dress and an elegant gipsy costume. On a small table were a guitar and a dagger; whilst on the piano, where lay the open music-book, stood bottles and champagne-glasses. Alcidor cast a quick glance round upon this elegant disorder; and then, with an ironical smile, leaned his head back on the soft cushions of the couch, and sank into a pleasant reverie.

A slight rustling at the door aroused him, and the next minute a sweet voice, in a soft musical tone, asked, "May I come in?" Alcidor started up, his countenance radiant with delight. He hastened to the door, opened it, and the marquise entered. The singer stood speechless with astonishment and joy at this unexpected visit; but the marquise, who did not seem to remark his embarrassment, hastily bolted the door, inquiring at the same time, very earnestly, "Can any one hear us?"

"No one—no one," he replied, scarcely able to command his voice from emotion; and, falling down on his knees, he exclaimed, "Oh, Cecilia! you come to me; you deign to honor this wretched apartment with your noble presence! Thanks, ten thousand thanks, my titular genius, my guardian angel, my beloved!"

"Not so—not so!" said the marquise, in an anxious tone of voice. "Stand up, and listen to me, I beseech you. Some time since I gave into your custody a small box, of which you

kindly promised to take care for me; may I now ask you to return it to me?"

Silently Alcidor went to his bureau to search for the box. The marquise watched him breathlessly as he sought for the box amongst books, notes, and letters; and when he had found it, and offered it to her, she could not repress a loud, joyful scream. Quickly she pressed a spring; the lid flew open, and glittering, costly jewels were exposed to view.

"Look, Alcidor," said the marquise, excitedly, "this is all the property I possess, and you have carefully preserved it for me."

Alcidor bowed low and kissed her outstretched hands. "Oh, Cecilia!" exclaimed he, "what do I care for dazzling jewels, costly and valuable though they are? Your eyes are my precious jewels, and your love my costly treasure. Say you still love me?" he urgently asked, and looked imploringly at her.

The marquise trembled, but was silent.

"Oh! say you still love me?" besought Alcidor. "Speak to me, I beseech you; you are the happiness and joy of my life!"

The marquise turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly, as if yielding to a sudden determination, she flung herself down at his feet; and, raising her beautiful arms, she sobbed forth, "Alcidor! forgive me; I have deceived you!"

The singer drew back a few paces, and exclaimed, breathlessly, "You no longer love me!"

"Forgive me!" again entreated the marquise. "Oh! do not look at me like that; I cannot endure it. Spurn me, kill me, but do not look at me again like that."

By this time Alcidor had recovered his self-command. Stretching out his hands toward the marquise, he cried, "Stand up, madame! That is no true position for you!"

But the marquise replied, "I will not quit this lowly position until you say you forgive me. Listen to me patiently a moment. You remember the cruel outrages of the 10th of August. I saw my father and mother slaughtered by the barbarous men whom you call the Protectors of France. They dragged them out of their prison, and forced me to be a witness, Alcidor, of their death by the guillotine. They then thrust me back again into my prison—mad, senseless—to bring me forth to be 'guillotined' some other day. But that night I was set free. Count Roger obtained my pardon from Robespierre. I had disdained his love; but he saved my life, and out of gratitude I resolved to devote my life to him."

Alcidor turned pale; as she went on speaking he covered his face with his hands. His low sobs alarmed the marquise, and the tears even started into her eyes. However, soon she continued:

"I secretly became his wife: I could not love him, but I could only thus recompense him for saving me."

"And wherefore did you marry him thus secretly?" said Alcidor, reproachfully.

"In order to prevent suspicion. Apparently he rescued me from the selfish motive of obtaining possession of my estate, which he could only obtain by my marrying him. After our marriage, when the count had incurred Danton's hatred, the marriage was still kept a secret, in order that I might not be included in the count's ruin."

"Rise—rise, I implore you!" said Alcidor, endeavoring to raise the marquise. "I forgive you all—everything; only leave me now, this moment."

The marquise followed him to the couch, on which Alcidor had again flung himself, and, seating herself by his side, she continued: "Danton still remorselessly pursues my husband with his hatred; and only Robespierre, as yet, saves him from the guillotine. Will you aid me?"

"Oh!" said Alcidor, trembling with agitation and anger, "now I understand the whole matter. They have played with my feelings!" he went on, as if talking to himself aloud—"they have let me think that my feelings were reciprocated; they have openly suffered it to be understood that it was so. And now it appears that all this has been done and allowed only because they knew I was a favorite of the people, and that the beloved of the singer Alcidor would thus be perfectly safe, spite of her aristocratic rank, from the people's wrath. Now it appears that in their hearts they were laughing at the concealed plot, who could be so vain as to flatter himself that he had won the love of the highborn marquise. That was not noble, madame," he said, suddenly turning his head toward her; "you may despise my love, but you dare not pay with it."

"Alcidor!" whispered the marquise, "time presses! My own life and my husband's are at stake. Danton has put the count's name on the list of the proscribed, and very soon my name will be added also. My estate is confiscated; these jewels, which, with a sorrowful foreboding, I entrusted to your charge, are now my only property. With them I must flee into Germany. My carriage is at the door. We must separate."

"Separate! Must I, indeed, lose you?" sorrowfully exclaimed the singer. "Cecilia, will you kill me?"

She trembled; she took his hand, and murmured: "Alcidor, be strong, that I may also become so! Be a man, and teach me to do what I ought!"

"Well, be it so," said Alcidor, energetically, "since your safety depends upon it! Why do you not go?" he exclaimed, after a moment, in a most bitter tone of voice.

"Oh! surely I am not deceived in you?" cried the marquise, clasping his hand. "Alcidor! I beseech you, remember I gave my hand to the count as my protector and deliverer, before I ever saw you; and that since the time we met, my life has been one series of tortures. Do not answer! do not speak! let me finish!"

"See!" she continued, leading him to the window, "there is my carriage. There sits the

count (disguised as a servant) beside the valet. Mon Dieu! how the people are already crowding round the carriage, in the horrible anticipation of another victim. Alcidor! you alone can and must save both myself and my husband."

"Come, then," said he, resolutely. "Come; if my heart breaks, I will save you both."

As he spoke, he led her down the staircase to the hall-door. Already an immense crowd had surrounded the carriage; women, with disheveled hair and in tattered rags; men, with murderous countenances and in blood-stained garments, shouting madly to each other: "Wherefore this traveling carriage? They are fleeing from justice, from the wrath of the people! We will not permit it! No one shall quit the city!"

"Unharness the horses!" cried a man. "Pull the servant from the box!" screamed a vixenish woman. With horrible howls the maddened crowd were proceeding to act upon these orders. At this moment, Alcidor, who, until now, had remained speechless by the side of the marquise, stepped courageously forward. Springing into the carriage, he jumped upon the seat, so as to obtain a position in which every one could see him.

"What are you doing, my friends?" he called out in a loud voice. "Do you not know me? Am not I one of you? How, then, can you be so cruel as to prevent my beloved from setting forth on her journey to her country-house?"

At the sound of the favorite's voice the countenances of the murderous crowd brightened.

"That is Alcidor, our singer!" they whispered to each other. They smiled on the singer; and then they became suddenly still and quiet.

Alcidor, taking advantage of the impression he had made, quitted the carriage, and, standing in the middle of the street, he stepped up on a high stone, and following the inspiration of the moment, he commenced the song, "Un rêve si doux!"

The crowd, which had again begun to murmur when the marquise mounted into the carriage, became again, as if by magic, suddenly silent. They pressed nearer and nearer to the singer, who had never so sang this song before.

His pangs, his doubts, his grievance—his whole soul—breathed forth in the tones of his marvelous, unrivaled voice. The stream of song gushed forth from his breast like the soft sighing of the zephyr; and as he sang and sang, his face brightened, every tone seemed to be instinct with life and meaning.

The throng of people stood silently enraptured. It mattered not to them now that the carriage began slowly to move; they willingly opened a passage to allow it to pass. Every look was fixed on Alcidor. They even exclaimed, as the carriage rolled away, "Not so loud—not so loud; Alcidor is singing!" fearing lest they might lose one word or note of the beautiful song. Yes, this same crowd, which had been so ferociously thirsting for human blood, was now, even as a tamed lion beneath the power of its keeper, kept tranquil by the spell of the singer's voice. His song swelled up louder and louder, and his voice, trembling now as if from sorrow, and presently as if from rapture, made the hearts of all his hearers vibrate, and called forth low murmurs of applause. Gradually his voice grew feebler, and as the sound of the carriage-wheels died away it suddenly ceased. He stepped down from the high stone on which he had been standing, and, covering his face with his hands, retreated into his house. The people dispersed with shouts, and far into the night were to be heard in the streets the words of the song, "Un rêve si doux!"

The salons of the Louvre were brilliantly illuminated, and an elegantly-dressed company were promenading them. It was the birthday of the Empress, and Napoleon had commanded that a splendid ball should be given. In a small boudoir, at the end of the grand suite of reception-rooms, Napoleon, with Josephine by his side, was sitting beneath a canopy, the chamberlains and generals standing by the folding-doors. Napoleon apparently was in earnest conversation with two gentlemen standing near him.

"Vainment," said he, suddenly, and his dark eyes glanced round the apartment like a flash of lightning. "I shall be very angry with you, Talma; I came to Paris to repose, and you prevent my having any."

"He who can look upon our Scipio without deep thrilling emotion, must either be a god or a blockhead! It is true, sire," answered Talma. Napoleon's face grew black as night; he looked at Talma, and said, sharply:

"An 'artiste' should not flatter! Do you not remember the old song, 'La faterie est une calomnie, une poltronnerie; ah ça! ah ça! entendez-moi?' Ah!" the Emperor suddenly added, turning to the other gentleman; "cannot you sing us that song, Alcidor, that I have just quoted? It would sound well from your lips. But, stay; that reminds me. People complain that you are capricious, Alcidor. How is it that you will never now sing, as I am informed, 'Blondel's Song'? I am told you sang it in Robespierre's time. How is it that you refuse to sing 'Un rêve si doux' now?"

Alcidor replied, with a trembling voice:

"Sire, I cannot sing that song; it is so closely bound up with many painful recollections, that I should break down with emotion if I attempted to sing it."

The Emperor impatiently shook his head, and said, harshly:

"Be a man, Alcidor!"

"I have vowed most solemnly," replied Alcidor, "never again to sing that song, sire, unless at my dying hour, or—"

Alcidor started; he trembled; he pressed his lips firmly together, and looked fixedly in the distance, as if he saw an apparition.

The Emperor's glance also, at the same moment, had wandered through the folding-doors into the quickly-filling salons, and, with a tri-

umphant smile, he exclaimed, turning toward the Emperor:

"Come, Josephine, let us welcome our guests."

All eyes followed the imperial couple as they slowly wended their way through the salons. As to Alcide, though no one noticed it, he stood for some time immovable as a statue, murmuring to himself: "It must have been her! I cannot have been mistaken. I must, at least, know whether she has forgotten the past?"

So murmuring, he quitted the room, and mingled with the guests.

The Emperor was standing conversing with a lady attired in the deepest mourning, whose beautifully expressive countenance bore traces of the deepest melancholy.

"Ah, countess," said he, in the course of the friendly conversation, "so you returned to Paris only yesterday? Now, will you tell me something of the last moments of Count Roger; how did he die?"

"Praying for his Emperor," said the beautiful Marquise d'Anville, "the deliverer of France."

"The prayer of a dying man," replied Napoleon, "has wonderful power to— But, stop! What is that? Is it not Alcide's voice? Why, he is singing that song, 'Un rêve si doux!' And, countess, what is the matter with you? You turn pale—you tremble."

"Permit me, sire, to withdraw," implored the countess, faintly. "I am taken suddenly ill."

"I have an idea that there must be some connection between your sudden illness and Alcide's refusal just now to sing," said the Emperor. "Follow me, countess," he added, hastily.

Trembling, and scarcely able to breathe, the countess followed the Emperor into the salon in which Alcide was seated at the harpsichord, singing. Having his back to them, he did not observe their entrance. Napoleon, taking the countess by the hand, stepped up close behind Alcide, and with a wave of his hand motioned all the listeners back.

When every one had quitted the apartment, he laughingly said, leaning over Alcide's shoulder:

"You did not finish one sentence earlier in the evening. That song you are now singing you said you would sing again only at your dying hour, or—"

Alcide turned quickly round, the tears glistening in his eyes. His glance met that of the trembling yet happy countess, and he quite forgot to reply to the Emperor.

Napoleon laughed.

"Your unhappy love has been already related to me, Alcide, so that I can now easily read the language of your eyes. Countess," continued he, "I hope you will no longer suffer this true knight to remain silent, and to go on singing 'Un rêve si doux!' but that you will make the dream a reality. To-morrow you must sing 'Blondel's Song,' Alcide."

With a gracious shake of the hand the Emperor quitted the room, and the lovers were alone.

THE ATTENDANT'S TALE.

ARRIVED in London, one of my first visits was paid to the British Museum. I am not going to detail here the wonders of that institution, and its extensive collections of everything that can appeal to the eye either of the lover of Nature or admirer of Art. But as I sauntered through the halls and galleries, now looking at a humming-bird or at a coeure, a brilliant butterfly or a tinselled beetle, a Roman needle or a Greek pomatum-pot, my eye fell on—an old attendant. The attendant, I must explain, is the man who looks after the gallery and watches the public. He takes care that no one touches an object, much less abstracts it, and he enforces silence, order, and decorum. Early in the morning, before the public is admitted, he enters the hall of entrance, signs his name on a book kept by the messengers, to show that he is duly present at his duties, and then proceeds to sweep the galleries with a broom—sprinkling sawdust on the floor to allay the dust—clean the glass cases, and, bellows in hand, blow the dust which may have alighted on Senacherib's nose or Caesar's brow. That done, he perambulates his hall or gallery, wand in hand. The wand is about six feet long, gilded at the tip. It is his sceptre, with which he sweeps all he surveys, or points out to the inquisitive visitor the most remarkable of the objects under his care. Civil and obliging to the public, his equanimity is seldom ruffled, except when small boys clatter in a troop down the gallery, when "Silence—be still, boys!" breaks in loud tones from his lips, and the end of his staff is fiercely rattled on the pavement to enforce attention. This old attendant was gray, quiet and melancholy, the sadness being, no doubt, brought on by the dullness of his occupation. Year after year, hour by hour, the same objects ever present to the eye—the lips of statues, that never smiled; the moveless birds, that never flew; the stuffed lions, that never roared, but maintained the noiseless tenor of existence in glass cases—had apparently "frozen the genial current of his soul." I began, however, to attempt to break the ice of the external man, by some inquiries about the interest taken by visitors in the different branches of the collections. The man thawed at the idea.

"Yes, sir," he said, "the public takes an interest; but you would be astonished at some of the questions asked me, and the observations made about the things. There was a well-dressed lady, many years ago, who wished to see the Elgin Marbles, and when I pointed them out, 'Lor,' says she, 'I thought they were round!' On another occasion, an Irishman asked me if the body of St. Patrick was not up-stairs, and when I told him not, departed in no slight anger. There was another lady who inquired for the Egyptian

roast duck found in the tombs, and when I suggested to her, if she wanted the green peas, too? indignantly exclaimed, 'Ill-bred bear, I will report you to your superiors!' But the superiors, as she called them, only smiled when they heard the story, and that was long afterward. Something of the same kind happened to our porter. One day the institution was closed, and some visitors clamored at the gate for admission. 'Last night,' said he, 'one of the mummies died, and the house is therefore closed for the present.' 'Quite right,' they replied; 'we could not expect to enter under the distressing circumstances; and there that difficulty ended.'

"Have you many distinguished visitors?" "Oh, yes; on private days, as they are called, foreigners are admitted, and foreign princes come when they are in London; but of them I take little notice. There was General Tom Thumb and family, and the Stamese Twins, and no end of Chinese, Indians, and other Orientals, dressed in sofa-covers, for that seems their favorite costume. Very queer, those Orientals; ought to be in the glass cases. At four o'clock we clear the galleries. I shout, 'All out,' and rattle my stick, and then I look all about to see that there are no stowaways, or others, hidden, as you know they might walk off with Memnon," said he, looking up to the head and shoulders of a statue weighing about twelve tons, and which, when complete, must have stood at least forty feet high. "But I am one with them, and the only fellow that ever played me that trick will never forget it."

"What trick was that?"

"Why, this many years ago, perhaps twenty or more—it was somewhere about that—after my first marriage I looked, as usual, all about, to see if all was safe. At that time the large sarcophagus over there was not in its place, and the cover lay atop, about a foot high, ready to let drop by the masons next morning. You had only to strike out a wedge, and it slipped into its place, and fitted like a rivet. Well, I looked all about, inside and out, and made sure all was safe. So I looked up the room, and went home quite easy. Next morning—and it was a dark winter's one—I opened the door as usual, and went after my broom, and thought I would give the coffin a bit of brush inside. So I put in the broom, and began to stir up the dust, when presently something yeils out from inside:

"Don't! don't!"

"What, in the name of heaven, are you?" I shouted out, and stood back to see what possible creature would come out.

"I am an Egyptian mummy!" replied a hollow voice from the bottom of the chest.

"Oh, you are an Egyptian mummy!" says I. "Then I'll lay you." And so I struck out the wedge, and down went the lid, which weighed some four or five tons.

"After that I went for the police and the masons. Well, we raised the lid, after half an hour, and then one of the most miserable-looking creatures that ever I set eyes on crawled out, looking as white as ashes—probably he thought I had embalmed him for life—and vowed that he only passed the night there for a lark. But, lark or mummy, they collared him, and the magistrate gave him a month's imprisonment for being on the premises without being asked. I never heard that he ever shammed to be a mummy again, either here or elsewhere. What induced him to play that foolish trick, we could never find out, as a stone coffin is, as you may guess, neither the softest nor most pleasant bed to sleep in."

"Might he not have been locked in by accident? Some visitors are, without doubt, apt to delay their departure, and linger about the galleries, charmed by the attractions of the objects displayed."

"That rarely happens," replied the attendant, "for, you will observe, we not only give due warning, but also search for any stranger that might be asleep or hidden. Yet, extraordinary things do come to pass; very curious adventures, notwithstanding all our care. We are, of course, always on the lookout for the security of the objects, and duly try all the cases and doors, to see that none are unlocked. Yet, as I have said, accidents will happen. I will tell you one of the most remarkable that I remember at this moment. One night, as I was about to retire to rest, and had finished my supper, a knock was heard at the door. I took the candle to open it, when in stepped a short, thick-set man, with sharp eye and broad features, dressed in a gray suit, with a wide-awake hat, blue tie, and gold pin—walked in without further ceremony."

"Who are you?"

"You shall know presently," said a sharp voice, with an unpleasant ring in it; "but is your name Straw, attendant in the Ethnographical Department?"

"It is that identical one. What is your business?"

"I am an officer of the detective department."

"Why, what's up?"

"You shall hear. A young gentleman, aged twenty-two, blue eyes, light hair, dressed in black, and gray growlers, and a young lady with blue eyes, yellow hair, fair complexion, nose slightly aquiline, dressed in a lavender silk gown, and dark bonnet, trimmed with flowers, age about twenty-five, are missing."

"Well, what is that to me? They aren't my children."

"Maybe not," answered the officer; "but when last seen, they were in the British Museum, and all London has been searched to find them. Their friends have, accordingly, applied to the detective department at Scotland Yard, and, from information that has come to hand, I hear you saw them and let them into a room at the Museum. Do you remember the circumstance?"

"Why, now you mention it, I do remember to have seen the pair, about four p.m., when I let them into one of the rooms which contained some objects from the South Sea."

"Did you see them come out of that room?"

"No, I did not," said I, "for I was called away soon after, and when I returned, the door was locked with the patent lock."

"I have them now, and shall be able to restore the missing couple to their friends; put on your hat and come along with me."

"In a few minutes I was ready, and down we went to the Museum. The porter admitted us, and we knocked up the officer who had the necessary key. It took some time, however, to wake him, as he slept very sound that night. We then procured lanterns, and entered the building. It was pitchy dark, and as we traversed the galleries, my ear was struck by the fancied sound of the gasp of some of the denizens of the cases. It's an appalling thing to go through the dark galleries at midnight, and see the statues, partially lighted up by the gleam of a bull's-eye, warning as it were out of darkness visible to start off the intruders."

"To any one who believes in ghosts, the moment is very trying; indeed, one may, from time to time, expect to see some feats of spiritualism or rappings performed by the statues."

"But we went on silently to the door. 'This, sir, is the door of the room,' I said to the officer. He turned the key of both locks, and we entered. It was a moment or two before we could see anything, when, 'Thank heaven, Charles, some one has released us!' said a voice out of a heap of curiosities, which lay in the corner of the room, and two figures slowly rose up, one in the costume of a New Zealand warrior, and the other dressed as one of the girls of the Sandwich Islands."

"How did it all end? It was a very awkward affair."

"Your father and mother, young lady," said the detective, "have been in a state of agony at your disappearance; rewards have been offered, and placards commenced to be posted about the town. Take off those costumes, and we will then take you home."

"We shall just be in time, Charles, for Lady Vischy's ball; make haste."

"So our New Zealand chief threw off his flaxen costume, and the young lady disrobed from her paper mulberry gown—for Lady Vischy's ball was not a fancy one—and prepared to follow."

"We were so cold as night came on," said the young lady, "that, as we saw our only prospect was of an involuntary confinement here, we prepared to pass the dull hours as best we could. We had looked attentively at the different curiosities, when we suddenly heard the door locked behind us. I ran to the door, and tapped several times at it, but no one heard, and I caught the echo of retreating footsteps as they went down the corridor. Then we sat down in despair, for there was only a high skylight, secured by a grating, above our heads, and Charles could not climb up to it. We talked and endeavored to be as cheerful as possible, and speculated that some one would discover, before too late, where we were, but no one came. At last, as the total darkness came on, sleep also invaded me, and as I felt very dozy and it grew cold, it occurred to me that I might keep myself warm by putting on some of these queer dresses, that lay about, over my other costume, and I did so, and Charles found the cloak of a New Zealand chief, which was as warm as the sheepskin jacket of an old French conducteur of a diligence. So we resigned ourselves to our fate, and slept soundly. And now, brother Charles, we are quite ready to start—and won't mamma laugh all about it?"

WALTER WELBY'S SUCCESS.

THE doctor said that she could not live. But he said it very sorrowfully, for he had known Nelly Starkweather from the time she was a little wee babe upon her mother's knee until she grew to be the pride of Mayville. And now she must die.

Doctor Nagle had hoped when there was no hope, and withheld the terrible truth from every one but his good wife; but the time had come when it would be a sin to delay it any longer. That night, as he was leaving to go to the "Elms," he said to his wife:

"Betsy, I shall tell the old squire the truth to-night. It is time that he knew it, and God grant that his heart may be softened."

Squire Starkweather was in his study when Doctor Nagle arrived, and the servant showed him up.

Squire Starkweather read in the old doctor's face something of the terrible tidings he had brought. He crossed the floor to meet him, and, looking him steadily in the eye, said:

"What of my daughter?"

"I can do nothing more, Squire Starkweather."

The father sank into a chair, asking pitifully:

"Must she die, Doctor Nagle?"

"There is only one chance," said the doctor.

"And that?"

"The broken heart must be mended."

Immediately the squire's face resumed its cold, determined look.

"In other words, Doctor Nagle, my daughter must be allowed to marry that beggar, Walter Welby?"

"Or die?"

"She were better dead than the wife of a Welby," said the squire, with a sneer. "And if this is the medicine you intend to administer, I can dispense with your services."

"Stop!" cried Doctor Nagle. "Don't you insult me. I have seen enough to set my blood boiling, and another word from you, and I will—will—knock—you—down, right here in your own house."

"But—"

"Stop your noise!" shouted the doctor, stepping toward him, and shaking his fist quite menacingly. "I don't fear you, with all your money, and I could thrash you with a relish. And, mark me, if Nelly dies, I will proclaim you her murderer!"

Whether the squire was too much frightened

to speak, or surprised, it is difficult to say; but the fact that he did not say anything was very patent to Doctor Nagle. He waited awhile for some answer, but none came, and he turned and left the room, muttering dire threats against his wealthy patron.

Whatever faults Squire Starkweather possessed, indifference toward his child was not one of them. Next to his love of fame and gold ranked his love for his beautiful daughter; and the old doctor's words had at first nearly crazed him. When, however, the doctor spoke of Walter Welby, he felt sure that he was only trying to frighten him into a consent to the marriage. He, therefore, felt much relieved; yet, to assure himself, he went to the sick-chamber.

The nurse met him at the door.

"How is she, Mrs. Batson?"

"Sinking rapidly," said the nurse, in an ominous whisper. "I suppose the doctor told you that he could do no more?"

The squire, now thoroughly alarmed, made no reply, but walked softly to the bedside. When he looked upon the sufferer, he saw that he had been told the truth. Even his iron will could not keep back the groans of agony—perhaps of remorse as well.

"Good heavens!" he moaned. "This must not be! My only child!—my darling Nelly! You must not die!—you shall not!"

"Perhaps, if you would consent—"

"Hush, hush! I know what you would say; but it will be as well for you to leave it unsaid."

"To save her life, Squire Starkweather?"

"Not even for that?" blazed the father. "I would see her buried a hundred times rather than see her the wife of a Welby!"

"You would not murder your own child!"

"Who dares to accuse me?"

"I shall dare, if Nelly dies."

Like the lion at bay, the old squire turned upon the faithful nurse; but she was busy cooling the fevered brow of her charge. The sight cooled his anger, and, without another word, he hastily left the room, and ordered his horse.

Within fifteen minutes he was standing in Doctor Nagle's study, waiting for the old physician to make his appearance. It seemed to him an age, but at last the doctor came.

"For God's sake, doctor, save my child!" he entreated—so humbly that the doctor pitied him; yet he gave him no encouragement.

"I can do nothing."

"You must!" fairly screamed the father.

"You shall save her!"

"She is beyond my skill," calmly replied the doctor; "and I advise you to try another physician."

"Oh, where can I get one, doctor? None of them would come from the city."

"There is one visiting me now—an old friend—and one well skilled in every disease of this nature. Shall I call him?"

"Don't lose a moment! Oh, I fear it is too late!"

Doctor Nagle was gone from the room but a moment, returning with a white-haired, ruddy-faced, corpulent old gentleman, whom he introduced as Doctor Price.

"Can you save my child?" asked the agonized father, the moment he saw Doctor Price.

"My dear sir, you have asked a question that it is impossible to answer at the present time; but, from what my friend has told me, I have strong hopes that I can."

"God bless you for those words!" said the father, more hopefully. "If you do, I will give you any price you ask. Anything, everything is yours, if you only bring my child to life and health."

"I thank you for your generous offer," said Doctor Price; "but my demands, if I succeed, will not be exorbitant. Perhaps I ought to say that, after what you have just said, I shall expect prompt compliance with whatever demands I may make."

"On my honor as a gentleman," said the squire.

"I do not doubt it. And now, if you are ready, I will visit the patient. Doctor Nagle will go with us."

Doctor Price went to the sick-room alone, leaving Doctor Nagle and the squire in the library. To Squire Starkweather the time passed very slowly, and more especially because the old doctor positively refused to have anything to say to him. He sat by the window as unconcerned as though there was not a Starkweather lying near unto death, while the terrified parent paced the floor with rapid strides, ever and anon opening the door, and looking out into the hall to see if Doctor Price was not coming. At last he came, and the squire waited, motionless, for him to speak.

"I can save your daughter," said Doctor Price, confidently.

Squire Starkweather sank into a seat, overcame with joy; and in after years he spoke of that time as the happiest moment of his life.

Doctor Price visited his patient daily, and at the end of a week even Squire Starkweather's inexperienced eye saw that Nelly was much improved, even out of danger.

When a month had passed, Doctor Price took his patient to ride with him, and from that time she improved so fast, that in two weeks more the doctor pronounced her as well as ever.

Then he called for a settlement. It was one evening, and the squire and Nelly, Doctor Price and Doctor Nagle, were all in the library.

"I surrender my charge to-night," said Doctor Price, leading Nelly to a seat near her father. "Have I been a faithful steward?"

"I never can repay you," said the happy father, with much feeling. "No price that you can name will seem half a recompense for the joy you have given me."

"Do not say that," said the doctor, "for I will tell you that your pleasure is mine also. I have worked for myself as well as you, and had I failed, my sorrow would not have been second even to yours. But, thank God, I did not fail, and now I demand, with all deference, the reward, for such I deem it to be."

"Name it," said the squire, "and I will double it."

"Thank you, squire, but I prefer it single. All that I ask is your consent to the marriage of Walter Welby and Nelly Starkweather."

"Never! never!" shouted the squire, starting to his feet. "It is all a plot, a devilish plot, from beginning to end. I never will! Never! never!"

Doctor Price waited until the first blast of fury was somewhat spent, and then said calmly, yet none the less determinedly:

"Then, Squire Starkweather, I must take forcible possession of the reward demanded. Doctor Nagle, please to call the parson."

"What do you mean?" cried the bewildered squire.

"Just what I say," said Doctor Price. "Walter Welby and Nelly Starkweather are about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"What!" exclaimed the squire, almost beside himself with rage and astonishment. "You have the impudence—"

"Will you remain and witness the ceremony, squire?" interrupted Doctor Nagle.

The squire was so completely astounded at the sight before him, that he did not even know that Doctor Nagle spoke. He saw Doctor Price and Nelly, hands joined standing before the old parson; while through the open door came guests to the wedding, until the room was full. He saw groomsmen and bridesmaids, but among them all he did not see the face of Walter Welby.

"Hold!" he shouted. "I forbid this."

"Squire Starkweather, there is one alternative," said Doctor Price. "I ask the hand of your daughter."

"For yourself?" asked the squire, eagerly.

"For myself alone, while life shall last," said the doctor, solemnly.

"You are welcome," said the squire, grasping his hand. "Take her, doctor, and be happy. And you, my daughter?"

"I thank you, dear father," said she, putting her arms about his neck. "I have learned to love him so much," she whispered.

"I knew your heart wasn't broken!" exclaimed the squire, triumphantly. "Well, well, let us have it done with. Go on, parson."

No second bidding was needed, and the twain were speedily made one.

"I wonder where Walter Welby is now?" asked the squire, rubbing his hands with immense satisfaction. "Eh, Nelly?"

"Here he is!" said Doctor Price, tearing off the disguise which had served him so well.

"Dazed, by—thunder," moaned the poor old squire. And the expression of his face was ludicrous in the extreme, convulsing the guests with uproarious laughter, in which the entrapped father was at last forced to join.

"Walter, here's my hand," said the squire, approaching his son-in-law. "I have always heard that the Welbys were fools, but I have learned my mistake. I have only to say, that as I cannot double the 'price,' I will add to it fifty thousand dollars."

THE EXECUTION BY HARA-KIRI.

A REMARKABLE SCENE IN JAPAN.

ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, Secretary to the British Legation in Japan, contributes to the *Cornhill* the following account of an execution by *hara-kiri*:

"I was sent officially to witness the execution by *hara-kiri* (self-immolation by disemboweling) of Taki Zenzaburo, the officer of the Prince of Bizen. He it was who gave the order to fire on the foreign settlement at Higo. As the *hara-kiri* is one of the Japanese customs which has excited the greatest curiosity in Europe, although, owing to the fact that it had never hitherto been witnessed by foreigners, it has seemed little better than a fable, I will relate what occurred.

"The ceremony, which was ordered by the Mikado himself, took place at 10.30 at night, in the Temple of Selgukul, the headquarters of the Satsuma troops at Higo. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations. We were seven foreigners in all.

"We were conducted to the temple by officers of the Princes of Satsuma and Choshu. Although the ceremony was to be conducted in the most private manner, the casual remarks which we overheard in the streets, and a crowd lining the principal entrance to the temple, showed that it was a matter of no little interest to the public. The courtyard of the temple presented a most picturesque sight; it was crowded with soldiers standing about in knots around large fires, which threw a dim, flickering light over the heavy eaves and quaint gable-ends of the sacred buildings. We were shown into an inner room, where we were to wait until the preparation for the ceremony was completed; in the next room to us were the high Japanese officers. After a long interval, which seemed doubly long from the silence which prevailed, Ito Shunsuke, the Provisional Governor of Higo, came and took down our names, and informed us that seven *kenshi*, sheriffs or witnesses, would attend on the part of the Japanese. He and another officer represented the Mikado; two captains of Satsuma's infantry, and two of Choshu's, with a representative of the Prince of Bizen, the clan of the condemned man, completed the number, which was probably arranged in order to tally with that of the foreigners. Ito Shunsuke further inquired whether we wished to put any questions to the prisoner. We replied in the negative.

"A further delay then ensued, after which we were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the *hondo*, or main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large hall, with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the

floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim, mysterious light, just sufficient to let all the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

"After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenzaburo, a stalwart man, thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony, with the peculiar hempen cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *kaishaku* and three officers, who wore the *sambaori*, or war surcoat, with gold-tissue facings. The word *kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word *executioner* is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman; in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned, and the relation between them is rather that of principal and second than that of victim and executioner. In this instance the *kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburo, and was selected by the friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

"With the *kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburo advanced slowly toward the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them, then drawing near to the foreigners, they saluted us in the same way, perhaps even with more deference; in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on to the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated himself on the left carpet, with his back to the high altar, the *kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side. One of the three attendant officers then came forward, bearing a stand of the kind used in temples for offering, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the *wakisashi*, the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine inches and a half in length, with a point and an edge as sharp as a razor's. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raised it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of himself.

"After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburo, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no sign of fear either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:

"I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kobé, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act."

"Bowling once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees, to prevent himself from falling backward, for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forward. Deliberately with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then, stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left hand side, he drew it slowly across to the right side, and, turning the dirk in the wound, gave a slight cut upward. During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk he leaned forward, and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

"A dead silence followed, broken only by the hideous noise of the blood gushing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man. It was horrible.

"The *kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword, and retired from the raised floor, and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

"The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing over to where the foreign witnesses sat, called us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple."

"The ceremony, to which the place and the hour gave an additional solemnity, was characterized throughout by that extreme dignity and punctiliousness which are the distinctive marks of the proceedings of Japanese gentlemen of rank; and it is important to note this fact, because it carries with it the conviction that the dead man was indeed the officer who had committed the crime, and no substitute. While profoundly impressed by the terrible scene, it was impossible at the same time not to be filled with admiration of the firm and manly bearing of the sufferer, and of the nerve with which the *kaishaku* performed his last duty to his master. Nothing could more strongly show the force of education. The *samurai*, or gentleman of the military class, from his earliest years, yearns to look upon the *hara-kiri* as a ceremony in which some day he may be called upon to play a part as principal or second. In old-fashioned families, which hold to the traditions of ancient chivalry, the child is instructed in the rite, and familiarized with the idea as an honorable explanation of crime or blotting out of disgrace. If the hour comes, he is prepared for it, and bravely faces an ordeal which early training has robbed of half its horrors. In what other country in the world does a man learn that the last tribute of affection which he may have to

* Seated himself—that is, in the Japanese fashion, his knees and toes touching the ground, and his body resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death.

pay to his best friend may be to act as his executioner?

"Since I wrote the above, we have heard that, before his entry into the fatal hall, Taki Zenzaburo called round him all those of his own clan who were present, many of whom had carried out his order to fire, and addressing them in a short speech, acknowledged the heinousness of his crime and the justice of his sentence, and warned them solemnly to avoid any repetition of attacks upon foreigners. They were also addressed by the officers of the Mikado, who urged them to bear no ill-will against us on account of the fate of their fellow-clansman. They declared that they entertained no such feeling.

"The opinion has been expressed that it would have been politic for the foreign representatives at the last moment to have interceded for the life of Taki Zenzaburo. The question is believed to have been debated among the representatives themselves. My own belief is that mercy, although it might have produced the desired effect among the more civilized clans, would have been mistaken for weakness and fear by those wilder people who have not yet a personal knowledge of foreigners. The offense—an attack upon the flags and subjects of all the treaty powers, which lack of skill, not of will, alone prevented from ending in a universal massacre—was the gravest that has been committed upon foreigners since their residence in Japan. Death was undoubtedly deserved, and the form chosen was, in Japanese eyes, merciful and yet judicial. The crime might have involved a war, and cost hundreds of lives; it was wiped out by one death. I believe that, in the interest of Japan as well as in our own, the course pursued was wise, and it was very satisfactory to me to find that one of the ablest Japanese Ministers, Goto Shojiro, with whom I had a discussion upon the subject, was quite of my opinion.

"The ceremonies observed at the *hara-kiri* appear to vary slightly in detail in different parts of Japan; but the following memorandum upon the subject of the rite, as it is practiced at Yeddo, clearly establishes its judicial character. I translated it from a paper drawn up for me by a Japanese who was able to speak of what he had seen himself. Three different ceremonies are described:

"1st. Ceremonies observed at the *hara-kiri* of a *hatamoto* (petty noble of the Tycoon's court) in prison. This is conducted with great secrecy. Six mats are spread in a large courtyard of the prison; an *ometsuke* (officer whose duties appear to consist in the surveillance of other officers), assisted by two other *ometsukes* of the second and third class, acts as *kenshi*, or sheriff, and sits in front of the mats. The condemned man, attired in his dress of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre of the mats. At each of the four corners of the mats sits a prison official. Two officers of the governor of the city act as *kaishaku* (executioners or seconds), and take their place one on the right hand and the other on the left hand of the condemned.

"The *kaishaku* on the left side, announcing his name and surname, says, bowing, 'I have the honor to act as a *kaishaku* to you; have you any last wishes to confide to me?' The condemned man thanks him, and accepts the offer or not, as the case may be. He then bows to the sheriff, and a wooden dirk, nine and a half inches long, is placed before him at a distance of three feet, wrapped in paper, and lying on a stand such as is used for offerings in temples. As he reaches forward to take the wooden sword and stretches out his neck, the *kaishaku* on his left-hand side draws his sword and strikes off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations of the deceased for burial. His property is confiscated.

"2d. The ceremonies observed at the *hara-kiri* of a *daimio's* retainer. When the retainer of a *daimio* is condemned to perform the *hara-kiri*, four mats are placed in the yard of the *yashiki*, or palace. The condemned man, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre. An officer acts as sheriff, with a sub-sheriff under him. Two officers, who act as *kaishaku*, are on the right and left of the condemned man; four officers are placed at the corners of the mats. The *kaishaku*, as in the former case, offers to execute the last wishes of the condemned. A dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him on a stand. In this case the dirk is a real dirk, which the man takes and stabs himself with on the left side, below the naval, drawing it across to the right side. At this moment, when he leans forward in pain, the *kaishaku* on the left-hand side cuts off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations for burial. In most cases the property of the deceased is confiscated.

"3d. Self-immolation of a *daimio* on account of disgrace. When a *daimio* has been guilty of treason or offended against the Tycoon,* inasmuch as the family is disgraced, and an apology could neither be offered nor accepted, the offended *daimio* disembowels himself. Calling his councillors around him, he confides to them his last will and testament for transmission to the Tycoon. Then, clothing himself in his court dress, he disembowels himself and cuts his own throat. His councillors then report the matter to the Government, and a coroner is sent to investigate it. To him the retainers hand the last will and testament of their lord, and he takes it to the Goroji (1st Council), who transmit it to the Tycoon. If the offense has become heinous, such as would involve the ruin of the whole family, by the clemency of the Tycoon half the property may be confiscated and half returned to the heir; if the offense is trivial, the property is inherited intact by the heir, and the family do not suffer.

* The events of the last three months have rendered treason against the Tycoon a thing of the past.

"In all cases where the criminal disembowels himself of his own accord without condemnation and without investigation, inasmuch as he is no longer able to defend himself, the offense is considered as not proven, and the property is not confiscated.

"There are many stories on record of extraordinary heroism being displayed in the *hara-kiri*. The case of a young fellow, only twenty years old, of the Choshu clan, which was told me the other day by an eye-witness, deserves mention as a marvelous instance of determination. Not content with giving himself the one necessary cut, he slashed himself thrice horizontally and twice vertically. Then he stabbed himself in the throat until the dirk protruded on the other side with its sharp edge to the front; setting his teeth in one supreme effort, he drove the knife forward with both hands through his throat, and fell dead.

"One more story, and I have done. The Tycoon, beaten on every side, and having fled ignominiously to Yeddo, is said to have determined to fight no more, but to yield everything. A member of his Second Council went to him and said: 'Sir, the only way for you now to retrieve the honor of the family of Tokugawa is to disembowel yourself; and to prove to you that I am sincere and disinterested in what I say, I am here ready to disembowel myself with you.' The Tycoon flew into a great rage, saying that he would listen to no such nonsense, and left the room. His faithful retainer, to prove his honesty, retired to another part of the castle, and solemnly performed the *hara-kiri*."

THE LATE ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

ON another page of the present Supplement to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be found an authentic portrait of the late Albert D. Richardson, whose tragic ending has occupied so large a degree of the public attention.

Mr. Richardson's life, during the past few years, has been a romance, ending, however, too sadly for many of the actors in the drama. As a journalist, author, critic, and, from his large experience in the "tented field," we may truthfully add, soldier, the deceased was, if not eminent, sufficiently well known to those who have read his correspondence to the *Tribune*, through a series of years the most thrilling in the annals of the Republic, to be respected. His experiences in the field during the rebellion were varied and unusually exciting, and often romantic. Since he formed the acquaintance of Mr. McFarland and the lady who was his wife, Mr. Richardson, on repeated occasions, has been publicly and severely criticised for his conduct toward them; while his friends, on the other hand, perhaps better acquainted with the circumstances than those who presume to sit in judgment, warmly defend his course, pronouncing it not only manly, but honorable. It is not for us to censure or praise Richardson. He is where human love and human hate cannot reach him. Before he passed away, he repaid his wrong to the woman, if not to the man—if wrong he had committed—by making her his wife.

Albert D. Richardson was born at Franklin, Mass., on the 6th of October, 1833, and was therefore, at the period of his death, in his thirty-seventh year. He was early connected with journals published in the principal cities of the East and West, and immediately anterior to the breaking out of the rebellion had traversed the States of the South as the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Subsequently he became one of its war writers, and in this capacity rendered the journal named eminent service. At the close of the war he returned to this city, and purchasing stock in the *Tribune* Association, became permanently connected with it, subsequently issuing, in book form, the story of his life in the South as correspondent and prisoner.

Of the deceased we have a right to say that, whatever his errors, he was a brave man, with a heart that sympathized for the misfortunes of others. "Those who knew him best, loved him most," writes one who was long connected with him; and what higher eulogy can any man ask?

THE SHERMAN FAMILY.—A genealogy of the family of General Sherman is in preparation, and will be published, we are informed, in the January number of the *Boston Genealogical Register*. General Sherman is a lineal descendant from Samuel Sherman, one of the noble band of founders of the colony of Connecticut, in 1635, at Wethersfield. It is a curious fact that our two most distinguished commanders, Grant and Sherman, are descended from pioneers at Windsor and Wethersfield, two of the most ancient towns in Connecticut. When the first Constitution of the infant settlement was adopted, in 1635, these towns, with Hartford, constituted the whole colony. The preamble to this Constitution reads: "We, the inhabitants and residents of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield, now cohabiting and dwelling in and upon the river of Connecticut, do enter into combination," etc.

PERILS OF THE RAIL.—A Chicago paper says: "The Western Pacific Railroad employs a man as switch-tender who, in the words of the dispatch, 'although having a time-table, could neither read nor write, and did not know which train had the right of track.' By the ignorance of this sixteen persons were hurried into eternity. The coroner's jury has not yet brought in a verdict. It is not upon the switch-tender, poor ignorant fool, that the blame of the tragedy should be laid, but upon the officers of the company who employed him. And they should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. It is time that death upon the rail cease to be a daily occurrence."

EMIGRATION.—The statement of the number of passengers arriving in this country during the year ending June 30, 1869, just published, shows the number of emigrants to be 352,569; passengers not immigrants, 37,082. Of the immigrants the nationality most largely represented was the German, which numbered 132,537; the Irish come next, and number 64,938. The occupations of the immigrants were mainly unskilled, laborers and those without trades being largely in the majority. This class of labor is already too abundant in our large cities, and the only field open to it are the boundless, and as yet untilled, prairies of the West, and thither we hope it will go.

umphant smile, he exclaimed, turning toward the Empress:

"Come, Josephine, let us welcome our guests."

All eyes followed the Imperial couple as they slowly wended their way through the salons. As to Alcide, though no one noticed it, he stood for some time immovable as a statue, murmuring to himself: "It must have been her! I cannot have been mistaken. I must, at least, know whether she has forgotten the past!"

So murmuring, he quitted the room, and mingled with the guests.

The Emperor was standing conversing with a lady attired in the deepest mourning, whose beautifully expressive countenance bore traces of the deepest melancholy.

"Ah, countess," said he, in the course of the friendly conversation, "so you returned to Paris only yesterday? Now, will you tell me something of the last moments of Count Roger; how did he die?"

"Praying for his Emperor," said the beautiful Marquise d'Anville, "the deliverer of France."

"The prayer of a dying man," replied Napoleon, "has wonderful power to— But, stop! What is that? Is it not Alcide's voice? Why, he is singing that song, 'Un rêve si doux!' And, countess, what is the matter with you? You turn pale—you tremble."

"Permit me, sire, to withdraw," implored the countess, faintly. "I am taken suddenly ill."

"I have an idea that there must be some connection between your sudden illness and Alcide's refusal just now to sing," said the Emperor. "Follow me, countess," he added, hastily.

Trembling, and scarcely able to breathe, the countess followed the Emperor into the salon in which Alcide was seated at the harpsichord, singing. Having his back to them, he did not observe their entrance. Napoleon, taking the countess by the hand, stepped up close behind Alcide, and with a wave of his hand motioned all the listeners back.

When every one had quitted the apartment, he laughingly said, leaning over Alcide's shoulder:

"You did not finish one sentence earlier in the evening. That song you are now singing you said you would sing again only at your dying hour, or—"

Alcide turned quickly round, the tears glistening in his eyes. His glance met that of the trembling yet happy countess, and he quite forgot to reply to the Emperor.

Napoleon laughed.

"Your unhappy love has been already related to me, Alcide, so that I can now easily read the language of your eyes. Countess," continued he, "I hope you will no longer suffer this true knight to remain silent, and to go on singing 'Un rêve si doux!' but that you will make the dream a reality. To-morrow you must sing 'Blonde's Song,' Alcide."

With a gracious shake of the hand the Emperor quitted the room, and the lovers were alone.

THE ATTENDANT'S TALE.

ARRIVED in London, one of my first visits was paid to the British Museum. I am not going to detail here the wonders of that institution, and its extensive collections of everything that can appeal to the eye either of the lover of Nature or admirer of Art. But as I sauntered through the halls and galleries, now looking at a humming-bird or at a cowrie, a brilliant butterfly or a tinseled beetle, a Roman needle or a Greek pomatum-pot, my eye fell on—an old attendant. The attendant, I must explain, is the man who looks after the gallery and watches the public. He takes care that no one touches an object, much less abstracts it, and he enforces silence, order, and decorum. Early in the morning, before the public is admitted, he enters the hall of entrance, signs his name on a book kept by the messengers, to show that he is duly present at his duties, and then proceeds to sweep the galleries with a broom—sprinkling sawdust on the floor to allay the dust—clean the glass cases, and, bellows in hand, blow the dust which may have alighted on Senacherib's nose or Caesar's brow. That done, he perambulates his hall or gallery, wand in hand. The wand is about six feet long, gilded at the tip. It is his sceptre, with which he sways all he surveys, or points out to the inquisitive visitor the most remarkable of the objects under his care. Civil and obliging to the public, his equanimity is seldom ruffled, except when small boys chatter in a troop down the gallery, when "Silence—be still, boys!" breaks in loud tones from his lips, and the end of his staff is fiercely rattled on the pavement to enforce attention. This old attendant was gray, quiet and melancholy, the sadness being, no doubt, brought on by the dullness of his occupation. Year after year, hour by hour, the same objects ever present to the eye—the lips of statues, that never smiled; the moveless birds, that never flew; the stuffed lions, that never roared, but maintained the noiseless tenor of existence in glass cases—had apparently "frozen the genial current of his soul." I began, however, to attempt to break the ice of the external man, by some inquiries about the interest taken by visitors in the different branches of the collections. The man thawed at the idea.

"Yes, sir," he said, "the public takes an interest; but you would be astonished at some of the questions asked me, and the observations made about the things. There was a well-dressed lady, many years ago, who wished to see the Elgin Marbles, and when I pointed them out, 'Lor,' says she, 'I thought they were round!' On another occasion, an Irishman asked me if the body of St. Patrick was not up-stairs, and when I told him not, departed in no slight anger. There was another lady who inquired for the Egyptian

roast duck found in the tombs, and when I suggested to her, if she wanted the green peas, too? indignantly exclaimed, 'Ill-bred bear, I will report you to your superiors!' But the superiors, as she called them, only smiled when they heard the story, and that was long afterward. Something of the same kind happened to our porter. One day the institution was closed, and some visitors clamored at the gate for admission. 'Last night,' said he, 'one of the mummies died, and the house is therefore closed for the present.' 'Quite right,' they replied; 'we could not expect to enter under the distressing circumstances,' and there that difficulty ended."

"Have you many distinguished visitors?" "Oh, yes; on private days, as they are called, foreigners are admitted, and foreign princes come when they are in London; but of them I take little notice. There was General Tom Thumb and family, and the Siamese Twins, and no end of Chinese, Indians, and other Orientals, dressed in sofa-covers, for that seems their favorite costume. Very queer, those Orientals; ought to be in the glass cases. At four o'clock we clear the galleries. I shout, 'All out,' and rattle my stick, and then I look all about to see that there are no stowaways, or others, hidden, as you know they might walk off with Memnon," said he, looking up to the head and shoulders of a statue weighing about twelve tons, and which, when complete, must have stood at least forty feet high. "But I am one with them, and the only fellow that ever played me that trick will never forget it."

"What trick was that?"

"Why, this many years ago, perhaps twenty or more—it was somewhere about that—after my first marriage I looked, as usual, all about, to see if all was safe. At that time the large sarcophagus over there was not in its place, and the cover lay atop, about a foot high, ready to let drop by the masons next morning. You had only to strike out a wedge, and it slipped into its place, and fitted like a rivet. Well, I looked all about, inside and out, and made sure all was safe. So I locked up the room, and went home quite easy. Next morning—and it was a dark winter's one—I opened the door as usual, and went after my broom, and thought I would give the coffin a bit of brush inside. So I put in the broom, and began to stir up the dust, when presently something yells out from inside:

"Don't! don't!"

"What, in the name of heaven, are you?" I shouted out, and stood back to see what possible creature would come out.

"I am an Egyptian mummy!" replied a hollow voice from the bottom of the chest.

"Oh, you are an Egyptian mummy?" says I. "Then I'll lay you." And so I struck out the wedge, and down went the lid, which weighed some four or five tons.

"After that I went for the police and the masons. Well, we raised the lid, after half an hour, and then one of the most miserable-looking creatures that ever I set eyes on crawled out, looking as white as ashes—probably he thought I had embalmed him for life—and vowed that he only passed the night there for a lark. But, lark or mummy, they collared him, and the magistrate gave him a month's imprisonment for being on the premises without being asked. I never heard that he ever shammed to be a mummy again, either here or elsewhere. What induced him to play that foolish trick, we could never find out, as a stone coffin is, as you may guess, neither the softest nor most pleasant bed to sleep in."

"Might he not have been locked in by accident? Some visitors are, without doubt, apt to delay their departure, and linger about the galleries, charmed by the attractions of the objects displayed."

"That rarely happens," replied the attendant, "for, you will observe, we not only give due warning, but also search for any stranger that might be asleep or hidden. Yet, extraordinary things do come to pass; very curious adventures, notwithstanding all our care. We are, of course, always on the lookout for the security of the objects, and duly try all the cases and doors, to see that none are unlocked. Yet, as I have said, accidents will happen. I will tell you one of the most remarkable that I remember at this moment. One night, as I was about to retire to rest, and had finished my supper, a knock was heard at the door. I took the candle to open it, when in stepped a short, thick-set man, with sharp eye and broad features, dressed in a gray suit, with a wide-awake hat, blue tie, and gold pin—walked in without further ceremony."

"Who are you?"

"You shall know presently," said a sharp voice, with an unpleasant ring in it; "but is your name Straw, attendant in the Ethnographical Department?"

"It is that identical one. What is your business?"

"I am an officer of the detective department."

"Why, what's up?"

"You shall hear. A young gentleman, aged twenty-two, blue eyes, light hair, dressed in black, and gray trousers, and a young lady with blue eyes, yellow hair, fair complexion, nose slightly aquiline, dressed in a lavender silk gown, and dark bonnet, trimmed with flowers, age about twenty-five, are missing."

"Well, what is that to me? They aren't my children."

"Maybe not," answered the officer; "but when last seen, it was in the British Museum, and all London has been searched to find them. Their friends have, accordingly, applied to the detective department at Scotland Yard, and, from information that has come to hand, I hear you saw them and let them into a room at the Museum. Do you remember the circumstance?"

"Why, now you mention it, I do remember to have seen the pair, about four P. M., when I let them into one of the rooms which contained some objects from the South Sea."

"Did you see them come out of that room?"

"No, I did not," said I, "for I was called away soon after, and when I returned, the door was locked with the patent lock."

"I have them now, and shall be able to restore the missing couple to their friends; put on your hat and come along with me."

"In a few minutes I was ready, and down we went to the Museum. The porter admitted us, and we knocked up the officer who had the necessary key. It took some time, however, to wake him, as he slept very sound that night. We then procured lanterns, and entered the building. It was pitchy dark, and as we traversed the galleries, my ear was struck by the fancied sound of the gasp of some of the denizens of the cases. It's an appalling thing to go through the dark galleries at midnight, and see the statues, partially lighted up by the gleam of a bull's-eye, starting as it were out of darkness visible to warn of the intruders."

"To any one who believes in ghosts, the moment is very trying; indeed, one may, from time to time, expect to see some feats of spiritualism or rappings performed by the statues."

"But we went on silently to the door. 'This, sir, is the door of the room,' I said to the officer. He turned the key of both locks, and we entered. It was a moment or two before we could see anything, when, 'Thank heaven, Charles, some one has released us!' said a voice out of a heap of curiosities, which lay in the corner of the room, and two figures slowly rose up, one in the costume of a New Zealand warrior, and the other dressed as one of the girls of the Sandwich Islands."

"How did it all end? It was a very awkward affair."

"Your father and mother, young lady," said the detective, "have been in a state of agony at your disappearance; rewards have been offered, and placards commenced to be posted about the town. Take off those costumes, and we will then take you home."

"We shall just be in time, Charles, for Lady Vischy's ball; make haste."

"So our New Zealand chief threw off his flaxen costume, and the young lady disrobed from her paper mulberry gown—for Lady Vischy's ball was not a fancy one—and prepared to follow."

"We were so cold as night came on," said the young lady, "that, as we saw our only prospect was of an involuntary confinement here, we prepared to pass the dull hours as best we could. We had looked attentively at the different curiosities, when we suddenly heard the door locked behind us. I ran to the door, and tapped several times at it, but no one heard, and I caught the echo of retreating footsteps as they went down the corridor. Then we sat down in despair, for there was only a high skylight, secured by a grating, above our heads, and Charles could not climb up to it. We talked and endeavored to be as cheerful as possible, and speculated that some one would discover, before too late, where we were, but no one came. At last, as the total darkness came on, sleep also invaded me, and as I felt very dozy and it grew cold, it occurred to me that I might keep myself warm by putting on some of these queer dresses, that lay about, over my other costume, and I did so, and Charles found the cloak of a New Zealand chief, which was as warm as the sheepskin jacket of an old French conducteur of a diligence. So we resigned ourselves to our fate, and slept soundly. And now, brother Charles, we are quite ready to start—and won't mamma laugh all about it?"

WALTER WELBY'S SUCCESS.

THE doctor said that she could not live. But he said it very sorrowfully, for he had known Nelly Starkweather from the time she was a little wee babe upon her mother's knee until she grew to be the pride of Mayville. And now she must die.

Doctor Nagle had hoped when there was no hope, and withheld the terrible truth from every one but his good wife; but the time had come when it would be a sin to delay it any longer. That night, as he was leaving to go to the "Elms," he said to his wife:

"Betsey, I shall tell the old squire the truth to-night. It is time that he knew it, and God grant that his heart may be softened."

Squire Starkweather was in his study when Doctor Nagle arrived, and the servant showed him up.

Squire Starkweather read in the old doctor's face something of the terrible tidings he had brought. He crossed the floor to meet him, and, looking him steadily in the eye, said:

"What of my daughter?"

"I can do nothing more, Squire Starkweather."

The father sank into a chair, asking pitifully:

"Must she die, Doctor Nagle?"

"There is only one chance," said the doctor.

"And that?"

"The broken heart must be mended."

Immediately the squire's face resumed its cold, determined look.

"In other words, Doctor Nagle, my daughter must be allowed to marry that beggar, Walter Welby?"

"Or die!"

"She were better dead than the wife of a Welby," said the squire, with a sneer. "And if this is the medicine you intend to administer, I can dispense with your services."

"Stop!" cried Doctor Nagle. "Don't you insult me. I have seen enough to set my blood boiling, and another word from you, and I will—will—knock—you—down, right here in your own house."

"But—"

"Stop your noise!" shouted the doctor, stepping toward him, and shaking his fat fists quite menacingly. "I don't fear you, with all your money, and I could thrash you with a relish. And, mark me, if Nelly dies, I will proclaim you her murderer!"

Whether the squire was too much frightened

to speak, or surprised, it is difficult to say; but the fact that he did not say anything was very patent to Doctor Nagle. He waited awhile for some answer, but none came, and he turned and left the room, muttering dire threats against his wealthy patron.

Whatever faults Squire Starkweather possessed, indifference toward his child was not one of them. Next to his love of fame and gold ranked his love for his beautiful daughter; and the old doctor's words had at first nearly crazed him. When, however, the doctor spoke of Walter Welby, he felt sure that he was only trying to frighten him into a consent to the marriage. He, therefore, felt much relieved; yet, to assure himself, he went to the sick-chamber.

The nurse met him at the door.

"How is she, Mrs. Batson?"

"Sinking rapidly," said the nurse, in an ominous whisper. "I suppose the doctor told you that he could do no more?"

The squire, now thoroughly alarmed, made no reply, but walked softly to the bedside. When he looked upon the sufferer, he saw that he had been told the truth. Even his iron will could not keep back the groans of agony—perhaps of remorse as well.

"Good heavens!" he moaned. "This must not be! My only child!—my darling Nelly! You must not die!—you shall not!"

"Perhaps, if you would consent—"

"Hush, hush! I know what you would say; but it will be as well for you to leave it unsaid."

"To save her life, Squire Starkweather?"

"Not even for that!" hissed the father. "I would see her buried a hundred times rather than see her the wife of a Welby!"

"You would not murder your own child?"

"Who dares to accuse me?"

"I shall dare, if Nelly dies."

Like the lion at bay, the old squire turned upon the faithful nurse; but she was busy cooling the fevered brow of her charge. The sight cooled his anger, and, without another word, he hastily left the room, and ordered his horse.

Within fifteen minutes he was standing in Doctor Nagle's study, waiting for the old physician to make his appearance. It seemed to him an age, but at last the doctor came.

"For God's sake, doctor, save my child!" he entreated—so humbly that the doctor pitied him; yet he gave him no encouragement.

"I can do nothing."

"You must!" fairly screamed the father.

"You shall save her!"

"She is beyond my skill," calmly replied the doctor; "and I advise you to try another physician."

"Oh, where can I get one, doctor? None of them would come from the city."

"There is one visiting me now—an old friend—and one well skilled in every disease of this nature. Shall I call him?"

"Don't lose a moment! Oh, I fear it is too late!"

Doctor Nagle was gone from the room but a moment, returning with a white-haired, ruddy-faced, corpulent old gentleman, whom he introduced as Doctor Price.

"Can you save my child?" asked the agonized father, the moment he saw Doctor Price.

"My dear sir, you have asked a question that it is impossible to answer at the present time; but, from what my friend has told me, I have strong hopes that I can."

"God bless you for those words!" said the father, more hopefully. "If you do, I will give you any price you ask. Anything, everything is yours, if you only bring my child to life and health."

"I thank you for your generous offer," said Doctor Price; "but my demands, if I succeed, will not be exorbitant. Perhaps I ought to say that, after what you have just said, I shall expect prompt compliance with whatever demands I may make."

"On my honor as a gentleman," said the squire.

"I do not doubt it. And now, if you are ready, I will visit the patient. Doctor Nagle will go with us."

Doctor Price went to the sick-room alone, leaving Doctor Nagle and the squire in the library. To Squire Starkweather the time passed very slowly, and more especially because the old doctor positively refused to have anything to say to him. He sat by the window as unconcerned as though there was not a Starkweather lying near unto death, while the terrified parent paced the floor with rapid strides, ever and anon opening the door, and looking out into the hall to see if Doctor Price was not coming. At last he came, and the squire waited, motionless, for him to speak.

"I can save your daughter," said Doctor Price, confidently.

Squire Starkweather sank into a seat, overcome with joy; and in after years he spoke of that time as the happiest moment of his life.

Doctor Price visited his patient daily, and at the end of a week even Squire Starkweather's inexperienced eyes saw that Nelly was much improved, even out of danger.

When a month had passed, Doctor Price took his patient to ride with him, and from that time she improved so fast, that in two weeks more the doctor pronounced her as well as ever.

Then he called for a settlement. It was one evening, and the squire and Nelly, Doctor Price and Doctor Nagle, were all in the library.

"I surrender my charge to-night," said Doctor Price, leading Nelly to a seat near her father. "Have I been a faithful steward?"

"I never can repay you," said the happy father, with much feeling. "No price that you can name will seem half a recompense for the joy you have given me."

"Do not say that," said the doctor, "for I will tell you that your pleasure is mine also. I have worked for myself as well as you, and had I failed, my sorrow would not have been second even to yours. But, thank God, I did not fail, and now I demand, with all deference, the reward, for such I deem it to be."

"Name it," said the squire, "and I will double it."

"Thank you, squire, but I prefer it single. All that I ask is your consent to the marriage of Walter Welby and Nelly Starkweather."

"Never! never!" shouted the squire, starting to his feet. "It is all a plot, a devilish plot, from beginning to end. I never will! Never! never!"

Doctor Price waited until the first blast of fury was somewhat spent, and then said calmly, yet none the less determinedly:

"Then, Squire Starkweather, I must take forcible possession of the reward demanded. Doctor Nagle, please to call the parson."

"What do you mean?" cried the bewildered squire.

"Just what I say," said Doctor Price. "Walter Welby and Nelly Starkweather are about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"What!" exclaimed the squire, almost beside himself with rage and astonishment. "You have the impudence—"

"Will you remain and witness the ceremony, squire?" interrupted Doctor Nagle.

The squire was so completely astounded at the sight before him, that he did not even know that Doctor Nagle spoke. He saw Doctor Price and Nelly, hands joined standing before the old parson; while through the open door came guests to the wedding, until the room was full. He saw groomsman and bridesmaid, but among them all he did not see the face of Walter Welby.

"Hold!" he shouted. "I forbid this."

"Squire Starkweather, there is one alternative," said Doctor Price. "I ask the hand of your daughter."

"For yourself?" asked the squire, eagerly.

"For myself alone, while life shall last," said the doctor, solemnly.

"You are welcome," said the squire, grasping his hand. "Take her, doctor, and be happy. And you, my daughter?"

"I thank you, dear father," said she, putting her arms about his neck. "I have learned to love him so much," she whispered.

"I knew your heart wasn't broken!" exclaimed the squire, triumphantly. "Well, well, let us have it done with. Go on, parson."

No second bidding was needed, and the twain were speedily made one.

"I wonder where Walter Welby is now?" asked the squire, rubbing his hands with immense satisfaction. "Eh, Nelly?"

"Here he is!" said Doctor Price, tearing off the disguise which had served him so well.

"Duped, by—thunder," moaned the poor old squire. And the expression of his face was ludicrous in the extreme, convulsing the guests with uproarious laughter, in which the entrapped father was at last forced to join.

"Walter, here's my hand," said the squire, approaching his son-in-law. "I have always heard that the Welbys were fools, but I have learned my mistake. I have only to say, that as I cannot double the 'price,' I will add to it fifty thousand dollars."

THE EXECUTION BY HARA-KIRI.

A REMARKABLE SCENE IN JAPAN.

ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, Secretary to the British Legation in Japan, contributes to the *Cornhill* the following account of an execution by *hara-kiri*:

"I was sent officially to witness the execution by *hara-kiri* (self-immolation by disemboweling) of Taki Zenzaburo, the officer of the Prince of Bizen. He it was who gave the order to fire on the foreign settlement at Hogo. As the *hara-kiri* is one of the Japanese customs which has excited the greatest curiosity in Europe, although, owing to the fact that it had never hitherto been witnessed by foreigners, it has seemed little better than a fable, I will relate what occurred.

"The ceremony, which was ordered by the Mikado himself, took place at 10.30 at night, in the Temple of Seigokuji, the headquarters of the Satsuma troops at Hogo. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations. We were seven foreigners in all.

"We were conducted to the temple by officers of the Princes of Satsuma and Choshu. Although the ceremony was to be conducted in the most private manner, the casual remarks which we overheard in the streets, and a crowd lining the principal entrance to the temple, showed that it was a matter of no little interest to the public. The courtyard of the temple presented a most picturesque sight; it was crowded with soldiers standing about in knots around large fires, which threw a dim, flickering light over the heavy eaves and quaint gables of the sacred buildings. We were shown into an inner room, where we were to wait until the preparation for the ceremony was completed; in the next room to us were the high Japanese officers. After a long interval, which seemed doubly long from the silence which prevailed, Ito Shunke, the Provisional Governor of Hogo, came and took down our names, and informed us that seven *kenshi*, sheriffs or witnesses, would attend on the part of the Japanese. He and another officer represented the Mikado; two captains of Satsuma's infantry, and two of Choshu's, with a representative of the Prince of Bizen, the clan of the condemned man, completed the number, which was probably arranged in order to tally with that of the foreigners. Ito Shunke further inquired whether we wished to put any questions to the prisoner. We replied in the negative.

"A further delay then ensued, after which we were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the *hondo*, or main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large hall, with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the

floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim, mysterious light, just sufficient to let all the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

"After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenzaburo, a stalwart man, thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony, with the peculiar hempen cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *kaishaku* and three officers, who wore the *zambouri*, or war surcoat, with gold-tissue facings. The word *kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word *executioner* is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman; in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned, and the relation between them is rather that of principal and second than that of victim and executioner. In this instance the *kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburo, and was selected by the friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

"With the *kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburo advanced slowly toward the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them, then drawing near to the foreigners, they saluted us in the same way, perhaps even with more deference; in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on to the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated himself on the left carpet, with his back to the high altar, the *kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side. One of the three attendant officers then came forward, bearing a stand of the kind used in temples for offering, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the *wakisashi*, the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine inches and a half in length, with a point and an edge as sharp as a razor's. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raised it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of himself.

"After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburo, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no sign of fear either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:

"I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kobe, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act."

"Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees, to prevent himself from falling backward, for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forward. Deliberately with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then, stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left hand side, he drew it slowly across to the right side, and, turning the dirk in the wound, gave a slight cut upward. During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk he leaned forward, and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

"A dead silence followed, broken only by the hideous noise of the blood gushing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man. It was horrible.

"The *kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword, and retired from the raised floor, and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

"The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing over to where the foreign witnesses sat, called us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple."

"The ceremony, to which the place and the hour gave an additional solemnity, was characterized throughout by that extreme dignity and punctiliousness which are the distinctive marks of the proceedings of Japanese gentlemen of rank; and it is important to note this fact, because it carries with it the conviction that the dead man was indeed the officer who had committed the crime, and no substitute. While profoundly impressed by the terrible scene, it was impossible at the same time not to be filled with admiration of the firm and manly bearing of the sufferer, and of the nerve with which the *kaishaku* performed his last duty to his master. Nothing could more strongly show the force of education. The *samurai*, or gentleman of the military class, from his earliest years, yearns to look upon the *hara-kiri* as a ceremony in which some day he may be called upon to play a part as principal or second. In old-fashioned families, which hold to the traditions of ancient chivalry, the child is instructed in the rite, and familiarized with the idea as an honorable explanation of crime or blotting out of disgrace. If the hour comes, he is prepared for it, and bravely faces an ordeal which early training has robbed of half its horrors. In what other country in the world does a man learn that the last tribute of affection which he may have to

* Seated himself—that is, in the Japanese fashion, his knees and toes touching the ground, and his body resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death.

pay to his best friend may be to act as his executioner?

"Since I wrote the above, we have heard that, before his entry into the fatal hall, Taki Zenzaburo called round him all those of his own clan who were present, many of whom had carried out his order to fire, and addressing them in a short speech, acknowledged the heinousness of his crime and the justice of his sentence, and warned them solemnly to avoid any repetition of attacks upon foreigners. They were also addressed by the officers of the Mikado, who urged them to bear no ill-will against us on account of the fate of their fellow-clansman. They declared that they entertained no such feeling.

"The opinion has been expressed that it would have been politic for the foreign representatives at the last moment to have interceded for the life of Taki Zenzaburo. The question is believed to have been debated among the representatives themselves. My own belief is that mercy, although it might have produced the desired effect among the more civilized clans, would have been mistaken for weakness and fear by those wilder people who have not yet a personal knowledge of foreigners. The offense—an attack upon the flags and subjects of all the treaty powers, which lack of skill, not of will, alone prevented from ending in a universal massacre—was the gravest that has been committed upon foreigners since their residence in Japan. Death was undoubtedly deserved, and the form chosen was, in Japanese eyes, merciful and yet judicial. The crime might have involved a war, and cost hundreds of lives; it was wiped out by one death. I believe that, in the interest of Japan as well as in our own, the course pursued was wise, and it was very satisfactory to me to find that one of the ablest Japanese Ministers, Goto Shojiro, with whom I had a discussion upon the subject, was quite of my opinion.

"The ceremonies observed at the *hara-kiri* appear to vary slightly in detail in different parts of Japan; but the following memorandum upon the subject of the rite, as it is practiced at Yeddo, clearly establishes its judicial character. I translated it from a paper drawn up for me by a Japanese who was able to speak of what he had seen himself. Three different ceremonies are described:

"1st. Ceremonies observed at the *hara-kiri* of a *Halamoto* (petty noble of the Tycoon's court) in prison. This is conducted with great secrecy. Six mats are spread in a large courtyard of the prison; an *ometsuke* (officer whose duties appear to consist in the surveillance of other officers), assisted by two other *ometsukes* of the second and third class, acts as *kenshi*, or sheriff, and sits in front of the mats. The condemned man, attired in his dress of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre of the mats. At each of the four corners of the mats sits a prison official. Two officers of the governor of the city act as *kaishaku* (executioners or seconds), and take their place one on the right hand and the other on the left hand of the condemned.

"The *kaishaku* on the left side, announcing his name and surname, says, bowing, 'I have the honor to act as a *kaishaku* to you; have you any last wishes to confide to me?' The condemned man thanks him, and accepts the offer or not, as the case may be. He then bows to the sheriff, and a wooden dirk, nine and a half inches long, is placed before him at a distance of three feet, wrapped in paper, and lying on a stand such as is used for offerings in temples. As he reaches forward to take the wooden sword and stretches out his neck, the *kaishaku* on his left-hand side draws his sword and strikes off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations of the deceased for burial. His property is confiscated.

"2d. The ceremonies observed at the *hara-kiri* of a *daimio's* retainer. When the retainer of a *daimio* is condemned to perform the *hara-kiri*, four mats are placed in the yard of the *yashiki*, or palace. The condemned man, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre. An officer acts as sheriff, with a sub-sheriff under him. Two officers, who act as *kaishaku*, are on the right and left of the condemned man; four officers are placed at the corners of the mats. The *kaishaku*, as in the former case, offers to execute the last wishes of the condemned. A dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him on a stand. In this case the dirk is a real dirk, which the man takes and stabs himself with on the left side, below the naval, drawing it across to the right side. At this moment, when he leans forward in pain, the *kaishaku* on the left-hand side cuts off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations for burial. In most cases the property of the deceased is confiscated.

"3d. Self-immolation of a *daimio* on account of disgrace. When a *daimio* has been guilty of treason or offended against the Tycoon,* inasmuch as the family is disgraced, and an apology could neither be offered nor accepted, the offended *daimio* disembowels himself. Calling his councilors around him, he confides to them his last will and testament for transmission to the Tycoon. Then, clothing himself in his court dress, he disembowels himself and cuts his own throat. His councilors then report the matter to the Government, and a coroner is sent to investigate it. To him the retainers hand the last will and testament of their lord, and he takes it to the Goroji (1st Council), who transmits it to the Tycoon. If the offense has become heinous, such as would involve the ruin of the whole family, by the clemency of the Tycoon half the property may be confiscated and half returned to the heir; if the offense is trivial, the property is inherited intact by the heir, and the family do not suffer.

* The events of the last three months have rendered treason against the Tycoon a thing of the past.

"In all cases where the criminal disembowels himself of his own accord without condemnation and without investigation, inasmuch as he is no longer able to defend himself, the offense is considered as not proven, and the property is not confiscated.

"There are many stories on record of extraordinary heroism being displayed in the *hara-kiri*. The case of a young fellow, only twenty years old, of the Choshu clan, which was told me the other day by an eye-witness, deserves mention as a marvelous instance of determination. Not content with giving himself the one necessary cut, he slashed himself thrice horizontally and twice vertically. Then he stabbed himself in the throat until the dirk protruded on the other side with its sharp edge to the front; setting his teeth in one supreme effort, he drove the knife forward with both hands through his throat, and fell dead.

"One more story, and I have done. The Tycoon, beaten on every side, and having fled ignominiously to Yeddo, is said to have determined to fight no more, but to yield everything. A member of his Second Council went to him and said: 'Sir, the only way for you now to retrieve the honor of the family of Tokugawa is to disembowel yourself; and to prove to you that I am sincere and disinterested in what I say, I am here ready to disembowel myself with you.' The Tycoon flew into a great rage, saying that he would listen to no such nonsense, and left the room. His faithful retainer, to prove his honesty, retired to another part of the castle, and solemnly performed the *hara-kiri*."

THE LATE ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

ON another page of the present Supplement to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be found an authentic portrait of the late Albert D. Richardson, whose tragic ending has occupied so large a degree of the public attention.

Mr. Richardson's life, during the past few years, has been a romance, ending, however, too sadly for many of the actors in the drama. As a journalist, author, critic, and, from his large experience in the "tented field," we may truthfully add, soldier, the deceased was, if not eminent, sufficiently well known to those who have read his correspondence to the *Tribune*, through a series of years the most thrilling in the annals of the Republic, to be respected. His experiences in the field during the rebellion were varied and unusually exciting, and often romantic. Since he formed the acquaintance of Mr. McFarland and the lady who was his wife, Mr. Richardson, on repeated occasions, has been publicly and severely criticised for his conduct toward them; while his friends, on the other hand, perhaps better acquainted with the circumstances than those who presume to sit in judgment, warmly defend his course, pronouncing it not only manly, but honorable. It is not for us to censure or praise Richardson. He is where human love and human hate cannot reach him. Before he passed away, he repaid his wrong to the woman, if not to the man—if wrong he had committed—by making her his wife.

Albert D. Richardson was born at Franklin, Mass., on the 6th of October, 1833, and was therefore, at the period of his death, in his thirty-seventh year. He was early connected with journals published in the principal cities of the East and West, and immediately anterior to the breaking out of the rebellion had traversed the States of the South as the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Subsequently he became one of its war writers, and in this capacity rendered the journal named eminent service. At the close of the war he returned to this city, and purchasing stock in the *Tribune* Association, became permanently connected with it, subsequently issuing, in book form, the story of his life in the South as correspondent and prisoner.

Of the deceased we have a right to say that, whatever his errors, he was a brave man, with a heart that sympathized for the misfortunes of others. "Those who knew him best, loved him most," writes one who was long connected with him; and what higher eulogy can any man ask?

THE SHERMAN FAMILY.—A genealogy of the family of General Sherman is in preparation, and will be published, we are informed, in the January number of the *Boston Genealogical Register*. General Sherman is a lineal descendant from Samuel Sherman, one of the noble band of founders of the colony of Connecticut, in 1636, at Wethersfield. It is a curious fact that our two most distinguished commanders, Grant and Sherman, are descended from pioneers at Windsor and Wethersfield, two of the most ancient towns in Connecticut. When the first Constitution of the infant settlement was adopted, in 1638, these towns, with Hartford, constituted the whole colony. The preamble to this Constitution reads: "We, the inhabitants and residents of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield, now cohabiting and dwelling in and upon the river of Connecticut, do enter into combination," etc.

PERILS OF THE RAIL.—A Chicago paper says: "The Western Pacific Railroad employs a man as switch-tender who, in the words of the dispatch, 'although having a time-table, could neither read nor write, and did not know which train had the right of track.' By the ignorance of this sixteen persons were hurried into eternity. The coroner's jury has not yet brought in a verdict. It is not upon the switch-tender, poor ignorant fool, that the blame of the tragedy should be laid, but upon the officers of the company who employed him. And they should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. It is time that death upon the rail cease to be a daily occurrence."

EMIGRATION.—The statement of the number of passengers arriving in this country during the year ending June 30, 1869, just published, shows the number of emigrants to be 322,599; passengers not immigrants, 37,062. Of the immigrants the nationality most largely represented was the German, which numbered 122,557; the Irish come next, and number 64,228. The occupations of the immigrants were mainly unskilled, laborers and those without trades being largely in the majority. This class of labor is already too abundant in our large cities, and the only field open to it are the boundless, and as yet untitled, prairies of the West, and thither we hope it will go.

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THE LATE ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.—SEE PAGE 239.

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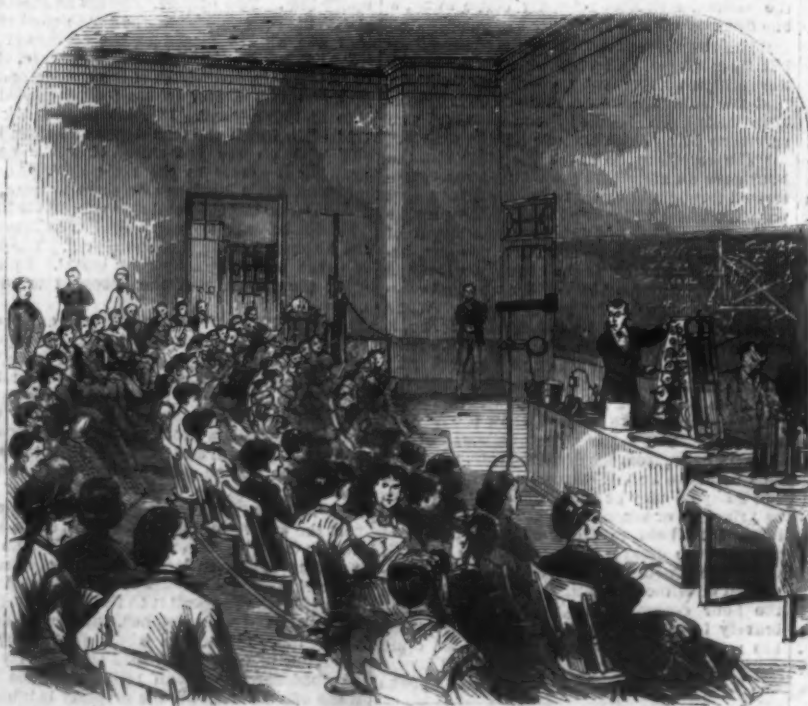
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